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ZENITH.

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1955

These messages represent examples of a long term effort by B.F. Goodrich to place the facts of highway and transportation progress before the American public, B. F. Goodrich has, almost from the time of the first automobile, been a leader in the cause for better and safer roads.



the face of the nation

With modern, far-ranging trucks to serve you, you can live wherever you like and shop nearby

In the next 24 hours, 5000 more people will move out of the city to join the millions already living the more enjoyable life of Suburbia.

Shopping centers and industry will follow, and they in turn, will bring more people. By 1980, experts say this sprawling population will create 14 gigantic strip cities, formed out of present urban regions and their suburbs overlapping at the fringes. Their approximate location and extent is shown on the map.

This changing pattern of living depends to a large measure on modern far-ranging trucks carrying 75% of everything all or part way to you. These trucks are, in fact, the only means of transportation for more than 25,000 communities.

As Suburbia grows bigger and bigger, more adequate highways will be needed to serve them. Present roads will have to be made more modern and new roads will have to be added—all kinds from marker roads to super highways—to move the heavier traffic; to keep commuters, motorists and vitally needed truck-carried goods on the go.

Public officials and road planners are thinking ahead now—planning today for tomorrow's highways. Why not let them know of your interest and appreciation that the road-building program is rolling.



This is a typical urban region—rapidly becoming a strip city. This city is 450 miles long, extending practically unbroken from Boston to Washington, D.C.

B.F.Goodrich



LETTERS

Aftermath

Now is the time for all good Republicans to go into hiding.

(Mrs.) Mary Z. Walters Indianapolis

It is now quite evident that the American Congress to represent us in Washington. It is also quite evident that the same American electorate desires more and more socialistic

Why not declare a welfare state in the U.S. and get it over with?

JEAN DE MEO New Haven, Conn

On Nov. 4, the Republican Party reaped its retribution for the use of bayonets at Little Rock

W. G. Espy Dothan, Ala

Justice has triumphed! Two traitors have been punished partially: De Sapio for the Democrats and Knowland for the Republicans. When people forsake their parties

for personal gain, they should be thrown FRANKLYN W. KELLEY North Hollywood, Calif.

If the people of New York State expressed their revulsion and rebellion by repudiating "bossism" at the polls, it cannot be denied that Mr. Harriman's vacillating character and Mayor Wagner's indecisiveness were also repudiated. If Tammany Hall Carmine De Sapio slaughtered the ceremonial pig which Mr. Rockefeller dined, Governor Harriman and Mayor Wagner served it to him on a sterling silver tray, with an apple in its mouth.

A. L. LAURICELLA New York City

Down with the blintz-munching, spaghettislurping, model-T-riding, cow-milking, let-me-shake-your-wonderful-hand type of campaigner. Why not restrict these grotesque acts of idiocy to the first week of September, requiring thereafter that candidates think and speak?

PETER G. EARLE

Heartfelt congratulations to New York State for giving to Nelson Rockefeller such a large welcoming majority. He is such an unselfish, well-bred man, and rich. He can afford to be generous even to his opponents. We would certainly elect him, provid-

Mrs. M. M. HUNTINGTON Damariscotta, Me.

Man of the Year

Charles de Gaulle or Orval Faubus. De Gaulle will be remembered for leading his country from chaos to what should be a self-sustaining nation in the eves of the ing his state from frustration to chaos to attain personal glory at the expense of thousands of Arkansas citizens who would have otherwise swallowed the integration pill along with their tradition and pride

ALBERT O. SONNENBERG

Kingston, N.Y.

If not De Gaulle-Pasternak! RICHARD BEERS Northfield, Vt.

Fidel Castro. He happens to be the only man still fighting for his freedom.

CUTHBERT I. TWILLEY Moline, Ill.

William Knowland-who, by his supporting lost causes, not voting in favor of the McCarthy censure, and his political immaturity, as shown by the recent election, has ruined the Republican Party in California for sure.

RALPH P. SYMONS Los Angeles

I nominate not "one" Man of the Year, but a group of men: the rescued, the rescuers and the dead at the Springhill mine

R. D. Brown

Mrs. L. to Mrs. R. Sir

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

Could I possibly have misinterpreted the following quote from Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt? "Education has been lacking for the

and new address (with zone number if any)-allow three weeks for change-over.

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chief educator, the President of the United States. It has been nil [Oct. 27]." Our President is a graduate of West Point. He has been an inspiration to our cadets, and through his service to us and our country during World War II and for the past war is and for the past six years, he has inspired confidence in the whole free world. Let's have many more "ignorant" men like Eisenhower, and fewer remarks in bad taste from Mrs. Roosevelt. MRS. L. M. LARSEN

Brooklyn

Pasternak's Future

The pressure brought to bear on Boris Pasternak by his own countrymen should shock every liberal in the Western world.

I wonder if America's liberals have sent and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt should make their disgust widely known as should our own government leaders. If our liberals cannot attack this phony Communist love artists, they should defrost their phony lib-G. L. WHEELER

Los Angeles Popes: Old & New

We Protestants have had a complete bellyful of these ridiculous, ludicrous events in Rome during the past few weeks. After those power-seekers in the Vatican finally reached a decision, it must have indeed been a bitter cup of gall for them to kiss the slipper of the man they elected. Do you think if Kennedy is elected President in 1960 he will fall down and kiss the Pope's slipper? HERBERT V. DODGE

St. Clair Shores, Mich.

Why all the ceremonial fuss over the election of a new Pope? I suppose it because his position as president of the oldest. existing corporation is regarded by millions of people as the world's biggest job. The Roman Catholic Church is said to be the wealthiest firm with one exception—the Coca-Cola Co.; then why not work up a similar degree of excitement over the appointment of a new president for that cor-poration or Standard Oil of New Jersey? Frank Vincent Waddy

Hollywood

As a tolerant individual, I can honestly say your magazine is top-heavy with Cath-olic news. Why did you not just plant the old boy and forget the whole thing? ROY BLOCKSIDGE

Capron, Ill. Sir:

Your excellent series on the death Pius XII and the election of John XXIII were well done and handled in a proper and diplomatic manner RICHARD E. JOAS

Grosse Pointe Mich

The Minister Speaks

Sir: I feel that the part of your Oct. 27 article on France which deals with me is both a kind of would-be dictator, as a man who tries, against General de Gaulle himself, to acquire enormous powers by a one-party system. This sort of smearing campaign has been waged against me for months by Com-

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Volume LXXII

Princeton, N.J.



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say 1 am surprised to see it resumed by magazine with usually high professional

It would take too much space to detail all the inaccuracies your reporter has fallen into. A sample: I am not, and never was, a supporter of "the old system of propor-tional representation" against which I have

lieve they are meant as a slanderous propa-

ganda are the following:

1) The "one-party bloc" fallacy. Your reader believe I am in favor of a one-party system, i.e., of some fascist state. On the contrary, I am on record as having stated or written many times (e.g., in the February issue of the Paris Revue des Deux-Mondes that France cannot expect to have less than five or six parties. What I did was to lead same basic ideas to merge into a single or-

2) The whole article is based either on affirmations or innuendoes to the effect that I have been, so to say, conspiring against General de Gaulle and that he scored a triumph in a battle against me. The first point I consider a gross insult, as I have been on General de Gaulle's side for 18 because I, the number one enemy, was "under control." By the way, the "liberal" policy in Algeria stated by the President in the other?

3) The paragraph "Furious at his setbacks," etc. . . . is a tissue of distorted facts and even, I am sorry to say, of downright lies. I was not furious at any setbacks; I was invited by General de Gaulle to have a cup of coffee with him, and we quietly Neither did I "demand" bluntly or otherwise permission to form a right-wing coalition, nor did the general have to "icily refuse." All this interview, as narrated by fairy tale is to reality

It is quite evident that all those developments have been simply copied from extremeleft Paris papers which have taken me as up to May last proved a stumbling block to their policy of surrender in North Africa. sort of unwholesome stuff. What, may I ask, would America and indeed the whole free anti-Western fanatics?

TIME's source was not the Parisian left-wing press but its own reporting of key figures in the De Gaulle government. And TIME (like everyone else) assumes that De Gaulle had Soustelle's front specifically in mind when he forbade campaigning under the name De Gaulle "even as an adjective."-ED.

Lest They Forget

Sir Re your footnote comments on Oueen

ada's Diefenbaker. But the Russians are really outdoing us and the English. They fired the Lord Himself and gave the job to the German Karl Marx, who replaced the Bible

HEINRICH PERLICH Cassia, Fla.

Beauty in B.C.

How thrilling it was to find at last an article on British Columbia which presented EDITH G. HALL

Durham, N.C.

British Columbia sounds like a fabulous place, but good heavens—25-lb, brook trout? RICHARD E. MARTIN

C Yes, a Dolly Varden.-ED.

TIME Listings

Sir:
I like your new Listings. Why not include top radio programs too? There are still a MARY LOU PECKHAM

Cicero, Ind.

This is to register one librarian's appre-ciation of "Best Sellers." To a library in a rural community this means much. It not only keeps the library abreast of what is being read, but is a valuable aid in ordering

HARRIET F. ROGERS Randolph, N.Y.

So Rose the Red

Time, Oct. 27 fell short in measuring Wade Nichols' accomplishments as editor of Redbook Magazine. Every issue of Redbook to date in 1958 has delivered higher circulapaid circulation in the first six months of CHARLES S. THORN

Redbook New York City

¶ When Time's story went to press, latest Audit Bureau of Circulation figures available listed Redbook's circulation at 2,591,676; a new A.B.C. figure published since then confirms Reader Thorn's 2.680,510,-Ep.

Penguin Pie

Would you kindly answer the following from the Antarctic to the Arctic? Livermore, Calif.

¶ Although penguins remain unreconstructed Southerners, there is no reason why they should not be happy in the Arctic; gourmets have not commented on the cooked product, but explorers, suffering strictly from hunger, report that it tastes like some-thing between beef and wild duck cod-liver oil .- Ep.

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MISCELLANY

Word of Paradise. In Honolulu, the Dole Pineapple Co. received a job application from Gwendolyn Kuuleikailialohaopiilaniwaillauokekoaulumahiehiekealaonaonaopiikea* Kekino.

Sotisfido. In London, while Police-Dog Handler Norman Brown was kicked unconscious by two thugs, his five-yearold dog Harvey sat on the sidewalk and watched.

Gross Widow. In Sydney, Australia, Mary Stephens won a divorce after testifying that her husband preferred to sleep on the lawn.

Chick of Time. From Salt Lake City, syndicated advice-to-the-lovelorn Columnist Ann Landers received a breathless request for her dating-behavior booklet "How Far to Go" with the postscript: "And please hurry!"

Sum Haul. In Montreal, two thugs strongarmed Grocer Argiro Telefougiou into a back room, then got away with an adding machine they thought was a cash register.

Tongue-Thoied. In Seattle, Wash., an Olympic Hotel bell man was required to page Chavala Sukumalanandana of Thailand.

According to Mork. In Indianapolis, a woman stopped 80-year-old Damon Peak on the street, earnestly began to pray for him while her male companion stole his wallet.

Gas Skirt. In Rochester, a thief stole gasoline from Frank Schmid's car by siphoning it off through a disconnected hula hoop.

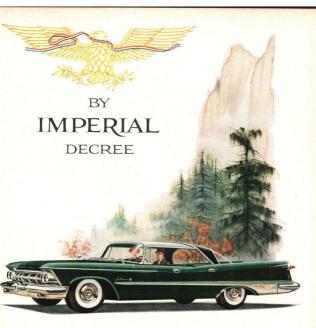
Hits the Tot. In Bristol, England, a notice was tacked on an outdoor bulletin board offering a £2 (\$5.60) reward to the finder of a LARGE BULLDOG, BLACK SPOTS ON BACK, EAT ANYTHING, PARTICULARLY FOND OF CHILDREN.

Higher Faculty. In University Park, Pa., Penn State's Liberal Arts Newsletter reported a talk given by Dean Euwena, said the dean had asserted that "problems brought to him are more easily solved if they are accompanied by a solution."

Ginger Rap. In Pine Grove, Calif., a ward of the Youth Authority escaped from detention camp, left a note: "I got tired of this place and if you guys want me, you guys got to look for me at home, but please save my cookies until I come back."

* Translation: "My wreath of love of the ascending heaven waters the leaves of the forest, so graceful its sweet perfume fences the pathway through the clouds." She got the job,

TIME, NOVEMBER 24, 1958



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In shape and finish, Imperial is obviously fine. But its most valued luxuries, perhaps, are those inner ones which will continue to delight you long after your first thrill of ownership has matured to lasting pride.

The 1959

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TIME. NOVEMBER 24, 1958

A letter from the PUBLISHER

James a. Linen

POLITICAL democracy as it exists in the U.S., wrote Walt Whitman is "life's gymnasium, not of good only, but of all." Even in Whitman's day, there were those (mostly those who knew least about politics) who insisted that life's gymnasium was equipped only with dumbbells, but then and now the fact is that politics shapes the daily life of every U.S. citizen; politics is indeed "not of good only, but of all." Last week, with the 1958 elections well in the past, the U.S. might have been expected to take a political breather. Not so. People and politicians were rereading the returns and trying to follow them-

according to their own interpretations. A liberal Republican said he and those like him should show their muscles; a forgotten Republican did handsprings trying to trip up an old enemy. But the most exciting activities were the nip-ups of six Democrats trying to fit the election returns into their own futures. They were scattered across the world and, individually, they practiced political yoga in Puerto Rico, foreign-policy pushups in Paris, telephone calisthenics in Texas, cross-



Moscow Correspondent Stevens

mphrey Symington

country running from California deep-breathing exercises in New Jersey, and the running broad jump in Alaska. For their wondrous hexathlon and a wide-eved look into the gymnasium, see National Affairs.

N the masthead at left this week appears a new name in an old setting. TIME, after several years of reliance on special trips by correspondents for onthe-spot reporting from Russia, now has its own Moscow bureau again. The correspondent: Edmund Stevens, 48, a highly respected. Pulitzer-prizewinning reporter who has spent 13 of the past 23 years in Moscow, Denverborn Ed Stevens first went to Russia after graduation from Columbia University, there met (at an economics lecture) and married blonde Nina Andreveyna. Except for time-outs to cover ten World War II battle campaigns, from Finland to the Balkans and North Africa, and a postwar tour in the Mediterranean area, Stevens, a longtime Christian Science Monitor correspondent, has stuck close to the Soviet scene. He is the author of two books on Russia, Russia Is No Riddle and This Is Russia Uncensored, His wife Nina became a U.S. citizen in 1943, is a 1946 graduate of Wellesley. They have one son, Moscow-born Edmund Jr., 22, an M.I.T. graduate, and one daughter, U.S.-born Anastasia, 17 who is studying at Moscow's Bolshoi Ballet School.

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Illustrated below from the 1959 collection of Longines watches for her – left to right: "Eldorado C"– semi-bracelet 14K gold watch, §1.25; "Starlight Radiance" – 8 diamonds set in 14K gold, §2.25; "Diamond Coronation L"– elegant 18K gold case circled with 3d diamonds, §3.95; "Starlight Radiance" – 14K gold watch set with 10 diamonds, §3.95; "St. Moritis"—the case and mesh bracelet are 14K gold, §3.25. Other Longines watches for Idales and gentlemen are priced from \$11.50.



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TIME

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

"The Voice of Fear"

In his glowing determination to walk "the extra mile" toward peace, has President Eisenhower walked too far for U.S. security's sake? Yes, said two knowledgeable liberal Democrats last week. He did so when he ordered U.S. nuclear tests stopped for one year without the U.S.'s



EX-AECOMMISSIONER MURRAY Have we walked too far . .

twelve-year-old precondition of foolproof inspection (TIME, Sept. 1), did so again when he endorsed a test inspection system prepared by his scientific advisers which admitted that relatively small Russian underground blasts (less than five kilotons) could probably not be detected. Just back from the fruitless U.S.-U.K -

U.S.S.R. nuclear test-ban talks in Geneva, Tennessee's Senator Albert Gore, member of the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy, formally recommended to the President that the U.S. continue tests of small-yield nuclear weapons under-ground and of nuclear weapons in outer space, e.g., antiaircraft or future antimissile-missile warheads to defend U.S. cities. The Communists, said Gore, are "insincere." And the U.S., if it keeps up its present line at Geneva, is in danger of getting "mousetrapped."

A sterner warning came from longtime

(1050-57) Atomic Energy Commissioner Thomas Murray. The real danger to the U.S. today, said Murray, is not all-out war, for which the U.S. already has big hydrogen weapons "beyond rational bounds," but a series of Red-started limited wars in which the Communists might inflict "a kind of piecemeal defeat." In such wars, said Murray, the U.S. would need "great numbers of tactical nuclear weapons of low-kiloton yield. Our security vitally depends on continued progress in perfecting the technology of small weapons, and this progress cannot be assured without tests.

Beyond that, Murray attacked the whole basis of a nuclear policy pitched to world opinion in a tough cold war. "Public opinion both in America and abroad." said he, "remains in the grip of unreasoning and undiscriminating fear of all kinds of nuclear tests. The voice of this fear seems to have carried the day against the voice of reason and fact, Our Government seems to believe that it has a popular mandate to stop nuclear tests. The present muddle of public opinion was caused by bad leadership, or confused leadership, or no leadership at all."

FOREIGN RELATIONS

'Peaceful Crusade'

As long as hunger and despair haunt hundreds of millions of people, said the far-seeing foreign-policy pronouncement, "peace and freedom will be in danger throughout the world. For wherever free men lose hope of progress, liberty will be weakened and the seeds of conflict will be sown. In working together to create that hope of progress, we raise barriers against tyranny and the war which tyranny breeds.'

In Seattle to address a meeting of the 18-nation Colombo Plan, set up by the British Commonwealth in 1950 to foster economic development in Asia, the President listed five fundamentals of his Administration's widening foreign economic policy: 1) expanding international trade, 2) keeping up a program of Point Fourtype technical assistance, 3) fostering increased overseas investment by U.S. private capital, 4) broadening the flow of "bankable" loans through such international channels as the World Bank, 5) enlarging the U.S.'s Development Loan Fund, which makes loans repayable in soft currencies.

Behind President Eisenhower's pledge of a "great peaceful crusade" lay hard-

currency news: the Administration's foreign-aid chief, Under Secretary of State C. Douglas Dillon, is planning to ask the new Congress that convenes in January to appropriate \$1 billion for the Development Loan Fund instead of this year's \$700 million. Atop that, Dillon will urge Congress to okay big increases in U.S. commitments to the World Bank and the currency-stabilizing International Mone-



SENATOR GORE ... on that mile toward peace?

tary Fund. "The most important economic question facing the U.S.," says Dillon, onetime Wall Street investment banker who served four years (1053-57) as Ambassador to France, "is whether the less developed countries will choose the Communist system or the Western system in their struggle against poverty. The verdict will depend largely on how much the industrialized countries of the West do to help the less developed countries achieve an adequate rate of economic growth,"

In a speech to the Seattle Chamber of Commerce, Secretary of State John Foster Dulles added new terms for the two systems of economic development; "strategy of consent" and "strategy of duress. Pursuing the strategy of duress, he said, the rulers of Red China were creating a "vast slave state," wiping out China's traditional culture and values. "The inevitable waste product of economic development by duress," said Dulles, "is the crushing of millions of free spirits and their hope for a truly richer life. The important byproduct of the strategy of consent is human dignity and greater political freedom and opportunity for individuals to rise in the free society."

REPUBLICANS

Revolt in the Senate?

Down from Putney, Vt. traveled Vermont's four-term liberal Republican Senator George Aiken, 66, on a presession mission to Washington. The mission: to raise a new flag of G.O.P. liberal revolt against the G.O.P.'s right-wing Senate leadership.

"The extreme right fringe is probably responsible for our losing a half-dozen of the Republican Senators' seats, "said Aiken. "There's been this feeling for some time that the conservatives would really put the party on the skids. And there will be more losses unless something is done. We have the said that t

Pulling the Rug. The Senate's G.O.P. liberals have raised revolts before-and walked away from them before-but this time George Aiken seemed to mean business. Reason: in 1958 such G.O.P. rightwing Senators as Nevada's George "Molly Malone, Ohio's John Bricker, California's Bill Knowland (running for Governor) and West Virginia's Chapman Revercomb. were roundly defeated while G.O.P. liberals just about held even and were sparked in spirit by G.O.P. liberal Nelson Rockefeller's election to the New York governorship. The incoming 34-man G.O.P. minority includes twelve or so liberals, eight or so swingmen, only 14 or so Old Guardsmen still grouped around the flags of Illinois' Everett McKinley Dirksen, minority whip, front runner for Bill Knowland's old minority-leader job, and New Hampshire's four-term Senator Styles Bridges, 60, Governor of New Hampshire at 36, U.S. Senator at 38, now head of the shadowy G.O.P. Policy Committee and the most powerful Republican in the

Weighing this new breakdown and its new near parity, Aiken & Co. moved on to set specific objectives, notably; 1) G.O.P. liberals to get one of three top jobs-minority leader, whip, or a new job of assistant minority leader (leading candidate: California's Earl Warren protégé, Tom Kuchel, 48); 2) G.O.P. liberals to get better committee assignments, e.g., one or two new spots on the blue-ribbon Foreign Relations Committee: 3) G.O.P. liberals to get more say in policy papers now put out by Bridges' Policy Committee in the whole party's name. Example of what the liberals want no more of: last June the President backed an amendment to the foreign aid bill providing for aid to independent-trending Communist satellites; G.O.P. liberals supported him; G.O.P. Big Three Knowland, Dirksen and



Vermont's Aiken New flag.

Bridges went to the White House, told Ike that foreign aid appropriations would be slashed unless aid to satellites was dropped (Time, June 16); Ike backed away, pulled the rug out from under the loval liberals.

Above the Battle, Worrisome to G.O.P. liberals is the fact that the President even now is not only preserving his official hands-off-Congress position but it saying hands-off-Congress position but it saying climate for G.O.P. liberalism. The White House word after Alken spoke out: 1) Dirksen is pretty sure to get the minority lead-early hands of the White House has no objection; 2) the President does not regard to the president does not regard to the saying the saying



New Hampshire's Bridges Old power.

George Aiken & Co. had the last word. Warned Aiken: "The Republican Party can no longer assume a middle-of-the-road attitude, particularly if that means halfway between Grant and McKinley."

Harold & Ike

As the White House correspondents had it figured, Harold Stassen's 9:45 a.m. appointment with Dwight Eisenhower could only mean that Childe Harold needed a job. It was more than two years since he was flattened in the wreck of his "Dump Nixon" movement at the Republican National Convention. It was nine months since he had turned State Department hair grey as the President's special aide on disarmament and finally had been shown to the gate. Then last May, running for G.O.P. nomination for Governor of Pennsylvania, he was flattened again by Pretzel Manufacturer Arthur McGonigle. But when Stassen's visit lasted almost an hour, reporters were puzzled, hardly knew what to ask when he came out.

In the White House lobby Honest Harold soon got to what was on his mind: dump Dick Nixon, "There are a number of men," said he, "who could lead our Republican Party to victory in 1960— Ambassador Lodge, Governor Rockefeller, Secretary [of the Treasury] Bob Anderson and Secretary [of the Interior] Fred Seaton." "Can't you think of one other? reporter asked. Stassen glowered at him, said nothing. "What about Nixon?" asked another. Replied Harold deadpan: ' think that this election of 1958 speaks for itself in that regard. I will be doing what I can to keep the way open for these four men." Would he start up an organization? "That," said Stassen, "will unfold with time.

What did unfold as Stassen headed back to Pennsylvania was fury among the Administration's Nixon loyalists. Actually, said a presidential aide, the long Ike-Harold talk had been about such political generalities as how to develop youthful new candidates. Snapped Labor Secretary Jim Mitchell, New Jersey liberal and possible Nixon 1960 running mate: "It is my conviction that Richard M. Nixon ought to be and will be the next President of the U.S." Said Attorney General Bill Rogers: "Did Stassen ask for time to second the Vice President's nomination?"-which was the way Harold scrambled out of the wreck at San Francisco in 1956. But Harold Stassen, 51, indestructible

and thick-skinned, got on a TV panel show back in Pennsylvania and hit Dump Nixon harder than ever before. He proclaimed that 1) Nixon was "the principal architect of defeat" in 1958; 2) Nelson Rockefeller, suddenly alone among Stassen's four alternatives, was "the man the Republican Party should nominate in 1960 in order to win"; 3) Pennsylvania's 70odd-vote delegation to the G.O.P. convention in 1960 should be led either by Senator-elect Hugh Scott or by Harold Edward Stassen, As for the President of the U.S., who had chatted politics longer with Stassen than with most, he stayed above the political battle, said nothing.

DEMOCRATS

The Men Who

(See Cover)

HAPP-y days are HERE again! THUH skies a-BOVE are CLEAR again! Let us SING a SONG of CHEER again! HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE A-GAIN!

Convention Hall roars to the Democratic war song, Red-eved delegates sing, shout, weep, laugh, wring hands, whale backs and jostle one another in the aisles. Spotlights swing dizzily around the vast room; the convention floor is a riotous sea of waving signs. BANG! BANG! BANG! Permanent Chairman Sam Ray burn thumps endlessly for order: "The sergeant at arms will clear the aisles." Finally, a hush falls. Rayburn smiles for the first time in precisely four years "Members of the convention!" cries he. "It is my great pleasure to give you the NEXT PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA!"

The Man Who—the man who will march forward to the battery of microphones, blink smilingly into the aurora of flashbulbs, raise his hands in delightful helplessness to quiet the throng—that man had probably not dared to let his thoughts wander so extravagantly last week. But chances were good that he had already felt a tremor of premonition.

The Man Who surveyed the U.S. policial landscape through a Democratic lens and liked what he saw. In the White House was a lame-duck Republican President, unbestable in the past but barred in 1906. Going up to Capitol Hill in January is a Congress dominated by Democrats as it has not been since 1937. There seemed a good chance that the strong Democratic whole of 1938 might blow at gale force in 1966. carrying The Man gale force in 1966. carrying The Man was the Constitution of the

Fight & Frolic. With such heady hopes, the 1960 Democratic nomination is something far more than a token to fob off on anyone who will take it. Rather, it seems, in the glowing days of 1958 Democratic victory, the richest prize in U.S. politics—a prize worth fighting for. And Democrats being Democrats loving a



Nominee Stevenson in '56

One will survive to come marching out. fight as much as a frolic, the battle for the 1960 nomination shaped up as one of the grandest, free-swinging rough-and-tumbles in years.

Of the Isading contenders, some might war themselves out doing dressing-room nip-ups before 1660, others might trip over the ropes while entering the ring, others might be kayeed with one precision of the result of the result always punch. There will always this week six Democrats had emerged from the 1958 decicions looking fittest. The six: Minneson's Senator Hubert Humphrey, Missouri's Senator Stuart Symington, Massachusetts' Senator Hubert Kennedy, Teas; Senator Hubert Kennedy, Teas; Senator Hubert Gordon, Massachusetts' Senator Lipothe Gordon, Massachusetts' Senator Hubert Gordon, Massachuse

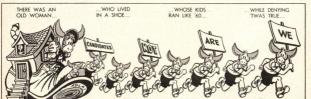
Wheel & Deal. Last week each of the big Democratic six was somehow behaving in keeping with his presidential potential. Hubert Humphrey was aboard the S.S. Liberté, bounding about on the promenade deck, shaking hands and making friends, on his way to Paris for UNESCO was a leading. Democratic foreign policy spokesman. Bob Meyner was in his Trenton statebouse wondering how to get overeass next year in an effort to overcome admitted shortcomings in the foreign polity field "I can't aford to go om yo own people will say. Who the held does this guy think he is?").

Lyndon Johnson was on his LBJ Ranch in Texas answering telephone calls from newly elected Democrats, greeting visitors, wheeling and dealing as the Democratic Party's leader-in-action, Pat Brown. who needs to get himself known outside California, was off on a get-acquainted tour, visiting such elder Democrats as Adlai Stevenson, Averell Harriman and Harry Truman, Stu Symington was vacationing in Puerto Rico; his strategy has been to keep quiet and let his competitors knock one another off, And Jack Kennedy was campaigning in Alaska-just as he has been campaigning ever since 1956 in a marathon effort to make friends and influence people.

Humphrey: Leading Liberal

Of all the Big Six. Minnesota's Humphrey appeared to have gained the most from the 1958 elections—but he had a lot of ground to make up. Before the elections. Humphrey probably stood behind both Michigan's Governor C. Mennen Williams and New York's Governor Avertel Harriman as the strongest entry from the Democratic Fair Dealing wing. But Harriman was torpedoed in the elections, "Soapy" Williams ran firth on his state ticket—and Humphrey moved past them

Minnesota Democrate-Farner-Jahor Party Minnesota Democrate-Farner-Jahor Party to a sweeping 1958 victory (TEME. Nov. 17) and still managed to roll up 20.000 miles campaigning for Democrats in 18 states. He is an avowed Fair Dealer, but separates himself from past liberal flops by explaining that he is a "visceral" libyouth party of the party of the party of the civil right, etc.—as opposed to an "intelcivil right, etc.—as opposed to an "intel-



Time Cartons by Much Ma



THE IOHNSONS

lectual" or "New York" liberal-interested "only in civil rights and immigration." As a Senator, Humphrey has worked hard and with some success at winning the regard of conservative Southern politicos, but as a presidential candidate, he still cannot realistically expect Southern support. This pains Humphrey. "I can do pretty good," he says, "in campaigning among the liberal Southerners.

The Humphrey camp bases its strategic presidential planning on the argument that the Democratic balance of power shifted westward in the last elections. Using Minnesota's bursting-with-health D.F.L. as their power base. Humphrey planners hope to throw out presidential lines into nearly all Midwestern and Western states. A crucial part of their plans: an attempt to persuade Michigan's Williams not to lock horns with Humphrey, thereby leaving Hubert a clear liberal field. A limiting factor in Humphrey's strategy: he is up for Senate re-election in 1060, therefore will probably not be able to enter and campaign in presidential primaries.

Hubert Humphrey has come a long way from the damn-the-consequences liberal who first came to the Senate in 1949 after

THE MEYNERS



helping drive the South out of the 1948 national convention with a humdinging civil rights speech. "There is no radical movement in America today," he told a TIME correspondent last week aboard the Liberté, "and no call for one. It's a progressive party, an adventurous and international one, with vigor, not just vivacity. that is called for." Senator Humphrey might have been describing a party after his own image. But as he spoke, he realized that his chief competition might well come from someone less progressive, less adventurous less international, less vigorous and certainly less vivacious-someone like Fellow Midwesterner Stuart

Syminaton: Everybody's Second

Symington.

Missouri's Symington plays it safe. As a U.S. Senator, he has proved himself a master at not making enemies. With his authority as Harry Truman's Air Force Secretary (1947-50), he has spoken up determinedly for stronger national defense. Organized labor rates him as one of twelve Senators with a "perfect" voting record; yet, as the onetime board chairman of St. Louis' Emerson Electric Manufacturing Co., Symington is viewed benignly by businessmen. His close personal and political friends range from Convair Vice President Tom Lanphier to the Electrical Workers' President Jim Carey. He has stood consistently with the Senate's liberal civil rights bloc; yet he has somehow managed to keep in the good graces of the South.

Symington's strategy has been to act as if he never heard of the word "President. Early last winter he had a visit from Indiana's Frank McKinney, former Democratic national chairman (1951-53), who still speaks with the political voice of Harry S. Truman. McKinney wanted to get going right away on a Symingtonfor-President organization. Stu Symington threw up his hands in horror. All he wanted, he cried, was to campaign hard for re-election in Missouri-and win big.

He did campaign hard, and he did win big, by a near-record 402,000 votes over a nice Republican lady. That consolidated his position as a Democratic hopeful:

Symington is the first choice of Harry Truman's dwindling band of intimates and, as the man who has made no enemies, stands No. 2 on nearly every other list, Last week handsome, athletic Stu Symington was playing golf (mid-708) in Puerto Rico, still keeping his silence, still making no enemies. But there is a peril in his policy: if Symington has given no one reason to be against him, neither has he given anyone much reason to be for him. The greatest danger for Stu Symington is that someone like Jack Kennedy or Hubert Humphrey will walk away with the nomination before anybody gets around to second choice.

Kennedy: Man Out Front

On the record of his accomplishment, lack Kennedy is the early-season Democratic favorite by general agreement. Says an aide to Michigan's hopeful "Soapy Williams: "If the convention were held today, Kennedy would win on the first ballot, period." Kennedy has New England's 100-plus delegate votes virtually sewed up, stands well in a dozen Midwestern and Western states and has surprising strength in the South, "Kennedy is sober and temperate on civil rights. says Mississippi's Governor J. P. Coleman, "He's no hell raiser or Barnburner,"

Kennedy came out of nowhere in 1956 with a breathless, near-successful try, with heavy Southern support, at plucking the vice-presidential nomination out of Estes Kefauver's shaken hands. A few months later, after Dwight Eisenhower's election, Kennedy was set to thinking hard when Hubert Humphrey's wife Muriel remarked at a cocktail party: "If Stu Symington is the competition for President, then it's a wide-open race.

Kennedy has been campaigning ever since. He has been in every state of the Union except Tennessee, has come to



THE SYMINGTONS

TIME, NOVEMBER 24, 1958



THE BROWNS

know and be known by some 1,500 professional Democrats who generally go to conventions. During the 1958 campaign alone he traveled 2,5000 miles in 10 cover Massachusetts like a quilt, post volunteer "secretaries" in more than 300 of the state's 351 cities and towns, and win a spectacular 370,000-0vet putrulty over hapless Republican Vincent Celeste (Kenbetting that he could not break 700,000).

But Jack Kennedy could turn out to be one of the flowers that bloom in the spring. Even after the successful election of Roman Catholics to major offices in such states as Minnesota, California and Pennsylvania, Kennedy's Catholicism could still be held against him when kingmakers are looking for winners at convention time. Another danger to Kennedy is the idea that his millionaire father, Boston Financier Joe Kennedy, is willing to spend any amount of money to get him elected-an idea forcefully denied by Kennedy and carefully spread by his opponents ("He's a hell of an attractive fellow." says a Meyner man, "but he's trying to buy the convention"). Also, Humphrevites will make it clear to farmers that Kennedy has, on occasion, voted against high price supports (although he won the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s 100% approval for his votes on 15 key issues in the 85th

Kennedy's strategy: to spend the next year paying the strictest attention to his Senate business. He expects to be in the presidential primaries up to his tousled hair; he would like nothing better than to entice that great primary campaigner. Estes Kefauver, into the early-bird New Hampship primary, and beat him, nedy wryly, "but popularity's still very important."

Meyner: Regional Entry

New Jersey's Robert Baumle Meyner is an eminently practical politician who knows he has a long way to go. "People," he mused one day last week, "keep coming up to me and saying, 'Oh, you're going for it, aren't you? You're going all the way.' Well, these are people who just don't understand political nuances. This is a very delicate and tricky business, politics."

Meyner's understanding of the delicate and tricky business of politics, has converted New Jersey, for decades a Republican strongholi, into a Democratic state. This year Meyner gained prestige when his protégé, former Congressman Harrison A. Williams, won by 30,000 votes against U.S. Senaion, Moreover, for the first time since 1937, the New Jersey general assembly went Democratic, 42 to 18.

Meyner has some presidential handicaps. He was some a Catholic, left the church at 18 and has not joined another (whispers a Kennedy backer: "Meyner's not too popular among Catholics, you home'). He is hardly known outside New Jersey, and his rare ventures away from home have been singularly unfortunate. In a nine-state speaking tour last August. he chose a shirtslevered Minnesota farm audience, ready to plow under Earl "The Current Congressional Inquiry into the Operation of the Federal Regulatory Agencies."

Nonetheless. Meyner followers hope to get their regional entry to announce soon. hope by next January to have a start on a presidential organization divided into three sections: political, research and financial. "Intelligence papers" will be compiled on the delegates to the 1956 national convention ("On the theory that 75% of those who go to the next convention were there before"). Prospective delegates will be approached with a soft sell. "We won't be knocking anyone else, says a Meyner man. "If they say they like Kennedy, we'll say fine, he's a splendid guy, but if he doesn't make it, we'd like them to consider Meyner as a second choice.'

Brown: Delightful Dilemma

California's Pat Brown is happily aware of the national prominence into which he was catapulted by his 1,012,000-majority victory over Republican Bill Knowland



THE KENNEDYS

for Governor, Last week, at La Quinta, a resort about 20 miles southeast of Palm Springs, Brown, dressed in swimming trunks and a flowered sports shirt, sat basking in the desert sun and in a delightful dilemma; whether to hew sternly to a campaign pledge to serve his full fouryear term as Governor or to sound like an oracle when people talk about him for the Democratic national ticket in 1969, He chose the oracular: "I believe in a certain philosophy of government-of a government which serves all the peopleand I think that as Governor of California I'll have a chance to work for that kind of government not only in this state but in the entire nation.

In an era of handshaking, get-out-andmeet-'em presidential primaries, rifendly Pat Brown, the man from the nation's second biggest and fastest-growing state, is a living ad for the paws that refresh. In a day of political moderation, Brown yields right of way to none as a middleot-the-roading. As potential leader of Calorithe-roading, As potential leader of Calgation to the national convention, Brown may hold make-o-break power over other party hopefuls. If nothing else, that kind of power may be cilpped as cou-



-HOPEFULS' HELPMATES -

The women behind the men who are under the gun:

Helen Stevenson* Meyner, 30, dark-haired daughter of Ohio's Oberlin College president, met New Jersey's bachelor governor when he was visiting her parents two years ago, married him in January 1957. She is slowly losing her early shyness, dutifully turns up at official fetes, fairs and fund-raising projects, plays tireless hostess for frequent luncheons, dinners and sightseeing tours at the gubernatorial mansion. She campaigned with her husband at election time but gave few speeches, has made a pincushion out of the back seat of the Meyners' state-owned Cadillac, "These women come up to me with these flowers and they all seem to stick me in the chest when they pin them on me. I keep the pins as souvenirs." Says she: "We're not bitten by the presidential bug.

Bernice Layne Brown, 49, married California's Governor-elect Pat Brown in 1930, has four children, two grandchildren. Never intensely interested in politics, she hugged the background until Pat announced for the gubernatorial race. She did not approve of his running, much less the prospect of leaving their Forest Hill home in San Francisco for the Governor's mansion in Sacramento, but she jumped into the campaign with surprising verve, even left her sickbed (phlebitis) against doctors' orders to make the election-night rounds with him. Gifted with lively wit, Bernice Brown showed a great talent for joshing her husband out of taking himself too seriously and soothing hurt egos among quarreling members of the inner political family.

Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy, 28, comes from a socialite Republican family (the late Manhattan Financier John V. Bouvier III), got a socialite's education, was inquiring photographer for the Washington Post and Times-Herald when she met Jack Kennedy "over the asparagus" at a dinner party in 1951. They were married at a big Newport blowout (700 guests) in September 1953, have an infant daughter. Although she traveled with her husband during the last campaign ("Some days we would shake 2,500 to 3,000 hands"). Jackie tried to avoid making speeches, prefers a homebody's life.

Muriel Fay Buck Humphrey, 46, as typically calm and warm as Senator Hubert Humphrey is bouncy and brash. Married in 1036 ("It was love at first wattz"), Muriel has always been politically obliging (she turned

* Adlai's third cousin by marriage on the maternal side; the name Stevenson is a coincidence. up on TV's Masquerade Party dressed as Minnehaha). In 1954 she started the Minnesou Moment for Humphrey (neighbothood coffee parties, etc.). Mamile Eisenbower (who note and Mamile Eisenbower (who note about a started bags are"). puts politics second to keeping her family (four children, aged ten to 20 together, says: "You can't be a social butterfly and a good mother."

Evelyn Wadsworth Symington, 54. is another who comes from an old-line Republican family (her grandfather: Secretary of State John Hay). She met Stu Symington when he was a Yale student, married him in 1924. has two sons, five grandchildren. During the Depression, she became a supper-club singer in Manhattan (The Very Thought of You, Can I Forget You, My Romance), gave it up when the family moved on to St. Louis, She worked hard during her husband's first Missouri senatorial campaign in 1952. took on a hard schedule in 1958. No speechmaker, she has the advantage of wide acquaintanceships in Washington, New York and St. Louis, is an active hostess. "All Missouri." says a friend. "loves Miss Evie," After the Senator's re-election this month, Bess Truman took her aside, confided; "Don't you worry. Evie, campaigning for the presidency is easier than campaigning for Senator-the trips between speeches are longer."

Claudia Alta Taylor Johnson, called "Lady Bird" by her husband and friends, is the daughter of an Alabaman who went to Texas to earn money to finance a medical education, earned \$2,000,000 and 20,000 acres of land. forgot about medicine, Lady Bird met Lyndon Johnson in Austin in 1934. dated him next day at the Maverick Café, married him two months later, bore him two daughters (eleven and 14). The balance wheel in the life of her high-powered husband, she is the only one who can get him to slack off, sees to it that he will find a good steak in the refrigerator when he comes in late, can produce barbecued spareribs or steaks for four or 40 unexpected guests, or pack his dinner jacket, take it to his Capitol office and wait patiently for him to change for a social appointment. She travels with Lyndon, retary, taking dictation or telephone calls. A smart businesswoman as well, she owns 2,900 acres of Alabama cotton and timberland, controlling interest in four radio and TV stations in Texas, "I wouldn't trade this life for anything," she says. "It's been a frontrow seat on the human comedy."

pons for the vice-presidential nomination. But Catholic Pat Brown has his debits

too: 1) a haphazard administrator during his eight years as state attorney general, he must prove himself in the infinitely tougher job of Governor; 2) a political loner, Brown has stood aloof from the Democratic professionals and made enemies in the process ("There are something like 30,000 Democratic Club workers, says a top California party leader, "and at least half of them are just waiting for Brown to make his first mistake. Then they're going to run wild"); 3) even to control the California delegation as a favorite-son candidate, Brown may have to fight Senator-elect Clair Engle and National Committeeman Paul Ziffren, both longtime Adlai Stevenson rooters, and neither very fond of Pat Brown.

At La Quinta last week, Brown had no mind for such worries. He posted a clear no-trespassing sign to out-of-state Democratic delegate hunters; "I think if anyone did come in here and try to capture the primary, we'd meet them head-on. If they lost the primary, as I'm sure they would, then they'd have no subsequent chance of support from the California

delegation.

Two days later Brown was off on his cross-country get-acquainted tour, seeing top Democratic leaders, paying his respect to Stevenson, Harriman, Meyner and Truman. An omission that may prove to be unfortunate: the Teas ranch of Lyndon Baines Johnson, Democratic leader of the U.S. Senate, a man who knows most of the party answers and a presidential possibility in his own right, in his own right.

Johnson: Democratic Father

Of all the Democrats industriously depring presidential aspirations, Lyndon Johnson sounds most as if he means it, of all the prospects, he has the weightiest reasons for meaning it: 1) in 1953 besuffered a heart attack more massive than Dwight Eisenhower in the meaning it has been been as the property of the proteed of the property of the property of the benomental Party is less likely than ever before to nominate anyone from below the Mason-Dixon.

But if there is such a thing as "deserving" a presidential nomination, then Lyndon Johnson is probably the most deserving Democrat. A Senate leader of superb skills (Time, March 17), he pushed, pulled, cajoled and bullied Senate Democrats along a moderate course that made for a party image overwhelmingly approved at the polls. In the 1958 elections, when Democratic organization showed up dramatically against Republican confusion, a major fund-raising, advice-giving role was played by the Johnson-bossed Democratic Senatorial Campaign Committee. Johnson personally campaigned in five states where Democrats ousted Republicans from six Senate seats: two in West Virginia, one each in Indiana, Wyoming, Utah and Nevada.

Last week at the LBJ Ranch, along the Pedernales River in central Texas, Johnson was enjoying the fruits of a job well done. On his antique desk (a gift

from his staff) lay the evidences of his whirlwind activity, e.g., a White House-State Department request that he represent the U.S. in United Nations discussions on space problems, an urgent request that he attend the inauguration on Dec. 1 of Mexico's President-elect Adolfo López Mateos. The three beige telephones on the desk rang constantly. One call came from a newly elected Western Senator thanking Johnson for campaign help, "Thank you, Senator." replied Johnson. "vou're very kind. I'd like very much for you to come down here, come down to the ranch. We'll talk about what committee assignments would be best for you and anything else you want to bring up. Bring your wife.

Hanging up, Johnson turned to a visitor. How did he see Democratic presidential prospects shaping up? "We've got a lot of good men." said Lyndon John-son, "I know only one thing: it's not going to be me." He was even able to talk paternalistically about other Democratic presidential possibilities in the Senate. "You know," he confided, "I feel sort of like a father to these boys. A father loves his sons, though one son may drink a little too much, another may neck with the girls a little too much. A good father uses a gentle but firm rein. checks his sons, guides them and, above all understands them." Lyndon Johnson's best chance is that the Democratic Party in 1060, having considered all the boys and found them wanting, might turn to the Democratic daddy himself.

In the Wings

Thus, just after the elections of 1958. the Democratic Party finds itself in the pleasant position of having at least half a dozen good Men Who. But The Man Who might also be Two-Time Loser Adlai Stevenson, with ardent disciples spotted across the U.S. and feared by more active hopefuls as a strong deadlock possibility. The Man Who could be Soapy Williams, who, despite his 1958 setback, has an organization aborning and appears ready to make a now-or-never try. It could be Estes Kefauver, even though he suffered almost irreparable damage by failing to live up to his votegetting reputation as the vice-presidential nominee in 1956. It could be one of the 21 other Northern and Border State Democratic Governors.

Indeed, in the wild scramble for the precious Democratic nomination in 1960. The Man Who could be almost anybody except Dick Nixon. And as the days pass and the tension grows, the candidates themselves will be moving to the front and hurling themselves into active battle. When that happens, the U.S. voter is in for a wonderfully exciting time-if his eardrums hold out. And at that delirious moment when the hush falls on Convention Hall, and Sam Rayburn intro duces the NEXT PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, the Democrats can only hope that someone has survived to come marching out to accept the nomination.

ALASKA e 49th

Fred & the 49th

Very supplied to see Howardle Fred A. Seaton of Interior also Mr. John Batrovich, What a world it is here. Being invivid to the meeting and before the invivid to the meeting and before the so they could come to the conference meeting. On this meeting Seaton said that first tiem he wants to speak is about high school. High school which univec that they are going to have one already solved and in this school, they will have class rooms, kitchen rooms, utility room, and general shop room. Wose what a and general shop room. Wose what a

So reported Point Barrow's Guy Okakok, "the Northernmost Correspondent in the World," to his friends in Fairbanks one day last week after a treasured visit from Interior Secretary Fred Seaton, 40,



CAMPAIGNER SEATON IN ANCHORAGE*
"Wow what a good news!"

in 30-below weather. A strong Republican campaigner. Seaton flew into Alaska to help the G.O.P. ticket in the first poststatehood election contests. Wherever he where he did not wow, he wooed. "I want so desperately for this great state to get off to the right start," said Campaigner Seaton to as many of Alaska's nearly 20.000 voters as he could reach The right start, to Seaton, mind: a

The right start, to Seaton's miner; a vote for 1 young (39) Mike Stepovich (Time, June 9), who resigned from the governorship to run for the U.S. Senate against aging (71) onetime Governor Ernest Gruening; 2) Territorial Senator John Butrovich Jr., 48, for Governor v. Valdez Grocer William Egan, 43; and 3)

 Hatless, in background, Stepovich and Butrovich, Territorial Labor Commissioner Henry Benson, 48, for Congress p. former Attorney General Ralph J. Rivers, 55. Seaton hardly needed to mention the second G.O.P. senatorial candidate. Juneau Attorney R. E. Robertson, who is certain to be defeated by popular Democrat Bob Barilett, for 14 years Alaska's territorial delegate to Congress.

While none of the other Democratic candidates commanded as broad a lead as Bob Bartlett, they seemed far enough ahead of their Republican opponents to warrant all the push Fred Seaton could give-and Seaton pushed hard. He collected all the "things that ought to be done" and saved them for his campaign trip, frankly admitted that his basket of good news was calculated to help win the election. In Juneau he announced a long-awaited ban on the hated fish traps. symbol of the control of "absentee Northwest fish canners and a chief cause of depletion of fish stocks. In Point Barrow, he promised a new water line. new National Guard armory, and gas lines, as well as the addition to the local school. For Anchorage and Fairbanks, there will be multimillion-dollar help for the airports, and for Juneau a new federal building. Elsewhere-"a bridge here, a ferry there,

Even without all the glad tidings. Seation's trip was far more effective than the brief appearance of either Vice President Richard Nixon or the Democrat's Senator Jack Remedy. Nixon and Kennedy got But Alaskans have deep feeling for Fred Seaton, who gets much of the credit for statehood. Next week if Alaska's voters surprise themselves by electing a few Resain take much of the credit could once sagain take much of the credit.

MASSACHUSETTS

The Last Rites

To have lived a long life, to have left the lot of many of those around you a little bit better than it once was, to have been genuinely loved by a great many people, and to have died in God's good grace, is no small thing to have happened to any man.

Skeffington's eulogy—The Last Hurrah

The undertaker dressed James Michael Curley in the morning coat and grey frousers he always affected on high occasions, affected on high occasions, and the state of the first difference of the Tancia. Boston politicians draped City Hall in crape and half-staffed flags; they carried the casket to the Statehouse, where it rested three draws with a politician of the statehouse, where it rested three draws with a politician of the statehouse, where it rested three days with a politician state of the statehouse where it rested three days with a politician point of the statehouse where it rested three days with a politic part of the statehouse where it rested three days with a politic part of the statehouse where the statehouse days are also affected by the statehouse where the statehouse days are statehouse days and the statehouse days are statehouse days and the statehouse days are statehouse days and the statehouse days are statehoused as a statehouse days are

Long Life & Grace. Curley would have taken the funeral Mass too, with his own Jesuit son, Father Francis, as celebrant and the Archbishop of Boston in the



BOSTON'S CURLEY Under a gentle shawl, harsh history.

sanctuary. Packing the pews and spilling into the streets; notables and Knights of Columbus, workingmen and housewives and ward politicians, down to 70-year-old William ("Up Up") Kelly, who through so many campaigns dashed into rallies shouting: "Up, up, everybody up for the Governor," and was never fazed until the night he dashed into a deaf-mutes' rally. But one thing Curley might not have liked. In keeping with diocesan practice, there was no eulogy. James Michael Curley had lived a long life, improved the lot of many, been genuinely loved by many, and presumably he had died in God's grace. But it was better, looking back over his 60-year political career, to let the gentle shawl of legend disguise the hard shape of history.

"Goo-Goos" and K.K.K. Tenementborn son of an immigrant hod carrier, Curley came to boyhood while the Brahmins ran Boston and the want ads read: "No Irish need apply." He decided that politics was the quickest vehicle to carry him from shanty to lace curtains, developed two tricks to grease the passage. He haunted public libraries, feasted on Shakespeare. Dumas. Dickens and Thackeray. became a silver-throated orator. And he played skillfully and sometimes shamelessly on the pride and privation of Boston's Irish poor.

Curley was 25 when the Irish elected him to Boston's common council. At 27. marshaling more toughs than the opposition and able to steal more ballot boxes, he was boss of Ward 17. At 40, after roasting Brahmin "Goo-Goos" of the Good Government Association, he was mayor, And at 60, after Curlevites burned enough crosses to provide a background for Curley oratory against the K.K.K. and prejudice, big (6 ft., 200 lbs.) Jim Curley was elected Governor. In addition, he served four terms in Congress, was jailed twice for fraud, was once ordered to cough up \$85,000 owed the city of Boston after his third term as mayor.

New Deal & Healed Scars, Curley was ruthless in office. He played the spoils system, fired underlings who crossed him, courted municipal bankruptcy by lavishing money on hospitals and parks with more emotional spontaneity than fiscal good sense. Once, when Boston's First National Bank refused to make a city loan. Curley got the funds by threatening to turn on a water main that would flood the bank's vaults.

In a city of egocentric Irish politicians, Curley never managed to build a machine. The only man he got into office-or wanted to get into office-was Curley. and in 31 campaigns he lost about as many as he won. But Curley had a greatness: he always bounced back. Always. that was, until the New Deal took over the care and feeding of Curley's balloting poor, until the Boston voter's political sophistication improved, until Irishmen reached a Brahmin equality that left no social scars for Curley to tear at. Swept out of City Hall in 1949, Curley ran for mayor three times more. For the first time in half a century he finished lower

When Curley was a threat no longer, his enemies became fonder of the courtly old man. Bostonians had always been sorry about his personal misfortunes; Curley's first wife died of cancer, and seven of his nine children died tragic deaths. And Bostonians felt a tug of gratitude as well. When Edwin O'Connor's The Last Hurrah boomed into a bestseller two years ago and Curley raffishly accepted Frank Skeffington as himself, a dowdy city tasted prominence again.

than second

But cronies knew that as Curley's political power had withered his health had been failing too. Fortnight ago a chronic intestinal block sent him to his beloved City Hospital, across Northampton Street from the tenement where he was born. Typically, the old man stole Election-Day headlines by weathering a tense two-hour operation, getting out of bed to walk the hall and flirt with nurses, But then he had a relapse. The hospital issued hourly bulletins, newsmen set up their death watch. Father Francis arrived to give the last rites as his father, at 83, dropped into a final, drug-induced sleep.

There was silence in the room, It was an awed, a dreadful silence, the vacant interval when death itself was yet a moment away. It was a silence which was broken by Maeve's father . . . "I think we can say this: that knowing what he knows now, if he had it to do all over again, there's not the slightest doubt but that he'd do it all very, very differently!" . . . The figure on the bed stirred . . . They heard his voice, as taking charge now for the last time he vave his answer: "The hell I would!" -The Last Hurrah

CRIME

The Paths That Crossed

Slowly over the years, hard-working Malcolm White had lifted himself up from edge-of-hunger poverty to affluence. A longtime salesman, he started a small electric-wire factory in an abandoned schoolhouse 15 years ago, built it up into a prosperous firm. Chester Cable Corp., making wires, plastic cable sheathing, and lately, hula hoops, With 140 workers, Chester Cable was the biggest employer in Chester, N.Y. (pop. 1,200), 62 miles north of New York City, Grev and fraillooking, White, 48, lived with his wife and 16-month-old son in a handsome house with a fine view of rich, rolling countryside. Austere and outwardly meek, he buried himself in the task of running the company he had created, but he found time to serve as a Cub scoutmaster, president of the chamber of commerce, a pillar of a neighboring town's Jewish temple.

Three-Time Loser, Beefy Alfred Dugan was a thug, and he had a long and varied police record. In 1941, already a veteran of two prison terms for narcoticsdealing and armed robbery, he drew a 12to-15 year sentence for robbing a bank messenger of \$108,000 in Asbury Park, N.I. Paroled after five years, a threetime loser, he joined the drift of strongarmed ex-cons into labor racketeering. made enough money to buy a \$40,000 house in Mountainside, N.J. for his wife and two small daughters. A month ago Tough Guy Dugan, 52, turned up in Chester, His mission; switching White's workers from the A.F.L.-C.I.O. International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers to a shadowy, thug-ridden outfit called the Interstate Industrial Union, Last week, after White fired a few employees who were collaborating with Dugan, Intruder Du-

gan set up a picket line outside the plant. Four days after the picketing started,



PRISONER WHITE & GUARD Between mild and tough, a fatal clash.

White and Dugan exchanged bitter words near the company gate. Then White rode off in his 1958 Thunderbird, and Dugan took off after him in his 1956 Ford station wagon. Two sheriff's deputies, on duty at the plant, spotted the two cars pulling away, decided to go after them. Half a mile away, the deputies came across Dugan's parked car. Nearby, they found Dugan's body, sprawled face downward beside a brook. He had been shot in the back. As police reconstructed the shooting, Dugan, unarmed this time, ran away when White drew his pistol, and White pursued him, firing his seven-shot .32 automatic until it was empty.

One-I'me Threat. Arrested in his factory office, White unhesitatingly admitted that he had killed Dugan. Dazed from strain and selepsienses, White told an instrain and selepsienses, white told an inpan was following him. he said, he stopped his car and got out. Dugan parked, came toward him with his hand in his trenchcoat pocket. Thinking that Dugan had a pistol, Malcolum White went "berers," and had got a permit a month before, and had got a permit a month before, and

started shooting.

The townspeople of Chester were stunned by the news. "Mr. White," said a filling-station operator, "was the nicest man who ever moved here. But they do say you shouldn't take a life." It was hard to decide who was the real victim —Dugan or White.

THE CENSUS By the Numbers

There are more single men than single women in the U.S., the Census Bureau reported last week, but in the long run the women with out because they live longer. The bureau's statisticians explained that there are 14.3 single men (over 14 years old) for every 11.8 women, and in the 18-24 age group, the men to 3.1 single women. Yet, there are eight widows for every 2.3 widowers.

RACES North of the Line, Too

Letting out the first growl of its life, the year-old federal Civil Rights Commission announced last week that it will use its subpoena powers to gather in witnesses and records for public hearings on denial of voting rights to Alabama Negroes, Place and time of hearings: Montgomery, Ala. starting in early December. In a strained attempt to prove its fair-mindedness, the commission added that it was pursuing an investigation north of the Mason-Dixon line, too. Some Puerto Ricans, the commission explained, have charged that New York City's literacy test denies voting rights to citizens who cannot read and write English. By clumsily pairing New York's court-upheld, same-for-all literacy test with Alabama's discrimination against Negroes, the Civil Rights Commission leaned so far backward to prove its fairness that it almost lost its balance.

Reading & 'Riting & Rubble

About five miles south of the Mason-Dixon line, the bleak, coal-mining town of Osage, W. Va. (pop. 900) promptly obeyed the Supreme Court's 1954 decision against segregated public schools. The Negroes (1958 count: 93 among 358 pupils) took their places in the nine-grade school (elementary and junior ligh) and country and plant of the baskethall ceam. Two schools were the schools of the member faculty teachers joined the 17member faculty.

Osage's race relations soon grew so healthy that two Negroes were elected to the five-member city council organized in last year's self-improvement drive. "We're trying to get the community fixed up a white neighbors finished a repair and repaint job with materials bought by the Board of Trade, Lions Club, American Legion and other civic groups.

¶ Georgia's Governor-elect Ernest Vandiver warned that he would close Atlanta schools if they were integrated by pending court cases, was met by Atlanta Mayor William Berry Hartsfield's demand that the city have the option between integration or no school.

¶ Voicing the religious conviction that prompts many Southern churchmen to risk their careers, 644 Nashville area ministers judged church and synagogue dynamite threats: "The bombers, in their frenzy, have sensed a truth—that the church and the synagogue are the ulti-



Associated P

BOMBED SCHOOL IN OSAGE, W. VA.

And they were getting along pretty well.

little," said Councilman Louis Toka, "and getting along pretty well so far."

At 2:15 one morning last week Osage was rocked waske by a blast bigger and closer than the ones that every miner had learned to sleep through. The resplosion of almost a full case of dynamite—which any real man in Osage can handle in the dark—gutted the town's biggest building, the 17-room school. Sheriff Charles J. Whiston, 42; quickly reinforced by squads of FBI men, found that the bomb had been set off by mining detonation wire, but the state of the sta

With only \$56,000 worth of insurance, hard-up Osage reckoned its damage at upwards of \$250,000. Said Councilman Toka: "It's sickening."

Other events last week in the nation's struggle between racial rights and wrongs:

¶ In Pittsburgh's Beechview section, where Negro Charles Miller's new home was smeared and smashed by race baiters.

mate enemies of evil and hatred. Our faith is built upon the rock of conviction that all men are created equal because they are created in the image of God." Attorney General William P. Rogers called a federal grand jury to investigate the arrest last month, on trumped-up "vagrancy" charges, of three Negro ministers from Montgomery, Ala. who went over to talk civil rights with Birmingham Negro leaders. Republican Rogers' target: Birmingham's ham-handed Police Commissioner Eugene ("Bull") Connor, leader of Alabama Dixiecrats' 1948 march out of the Democratic convention, who refused to talk to the FBI.

¶ One of the two surviving Confederate sodiers. Housen's Colonel Walter ("Old Reb"). Williams, celebrated his 1:th birthady by reminding today's implicables of the Civil War's wastes: "It was the final act of divided men, too sick and tired to set things straight. There were bitter people on both sides who wanted war. They were a minority, but they led the majority to war.

FOREIGN NEWS

RUSSIA

The Big Dream

The only kind of war against the West that Nikita Khrushchev is interested in waging-or so he likes to say with that bear-hugging grin-is economic. Last week Khrushchev formally laid down his battle plan for economic war, and claimed victory in advance.

The audacious new seven-year plan (1959-65) that he unrolled in Moscow set targets so high that it pledges Russia to top U.S. production by "about" 1970. By that time, boasted Nikita in "theses" outlining the plan that his Central Committee will present to the 21st Communist Party Congress next January, the Soviet people "will be assured the world's highest standard of living." By 1965, cried Khrushchev, the Communist bloc countries will be producing more than half the world's output.

Never before had a Soviet economic plan-advertised as only the first installment of an even grander "15-yearperspective development plan"-been proclaimed that sounded so much like a political manifesto. It pledges Russia's 121 million workers "the world's shortest working week"-but at some unspecified future time. It promises that there will be butter for every Russian table, while "flights to celestial and cosmic bodies" will also be carried out. It targets an overall rise of 80% in industrial output by 1965, and a 62%-65% boost in national income. Thus the emphasis will again be on heavy industry-an old story to Russian workers living in overcrowded squalor. They have to be inspired somehow to renewed effort. Khrushchev's recipe is pride, optimism, promises.

Sky Pie. Khrushchev's planners promise 22 million more housing units (a mere beginning to Russia's housing problems, even if successful), 5.6 times more refrigerators, 4.6 times more TV sets by 1962. But Khrushchev expects to build only 25% more automobiles than the paltry 100,000 his factories produced last year.

What then about Khrushchev's talk of outproducing the U.S.? "Nonsense." says one U.S. expert whose specialty is Russian economics. By a totalitarian concentration, the Soviet Union might top U.S. output in a few items, but Russia's economy is "like a younger brother who always seems to be catching up to his older brother, but never really does because the older brother also keeps growing, too.

Another expert, University of Virginia Economist G. Warren Nutter, compared Russian economic growth to U.S. experience at about the same phase of development-between 1880 and 1920-and concludes that in these 40 years the U.S. surpassed Soviet growth in its first four decades. Soviet Russia has scored its most impressive gains in a few key fields such as steel, oil and heavy construction, whereas U.S. productive energies have ranged

over a far wider spectrum, and established a much wider base. Assuming a continuous growth in the U.S. economy. Soviet output will still be badly lagging by either 1965 or 1970. In fact, the Soviet rate of growth has slowed considerably since 1952.

Khrushchev faces further difficulties. Because the short crop of war babies now coming of age will not add enough entrants to Russia's labor force to meet Khrushchev's goals in the next few years, Khrushchev plans to revamp the Sovi-et educational system, The Russians will



HISTORY'S BULGANIN A passing reference.

abandon their much-publicized ten-year schools and compel all but the gifted few to take factory jobs after the eighth grade. Furthermore, on past showings, agricultural output seems least likely to rise by the rate (70%) that Khrushchev has proclaimed, and U.S. experts doubt that the inefficient concentration of Soviet citizens engaged in agriculture (40%, as compared to 10% in the U.S.) is apt to be much reduced in the next seven years.

Goodbye, Bulganin. Of course, by the time of final accounting, Russia's fasttalking boss, now 64, may not be around. The men who introduced Russia's previous five-year plans have all now disappeared from the scene. Among them: former Premier Nikolai Bulganin, who sponsored the 1955-60 plan, which had to

be scrapped last year as overambitious. Khrushchev made a passing—but electrifying-reference to his old traveling partner in his report, making clear that more than ill-health was involved in Bulganin's steady demotion from Premier of all Russia to an obscure post in the north of the Caucasus. The Central Committee, said Khrushchev, had "exposed and smashed the anti-party group of Malenkov, Kaganovich, Molotov, Bulganin and their adherent Shepilov ... "-adding Bulgy for the first time to the list of renegades who had dared to cross Khrushchev.

Pressure at Berlin

When Nikita Khrushchev wants to be taken at full seriousness, he does not merely pop off at a diplomatic reception. he solemnly reads what he has to say.

Last week, before 15,000 people gathered for a Russian-Polish friendship rally in Moscow's new Sports Palace, Khrushchev opened up what is obviously Russia's winter offensive in foreign policy. In a first hasty reading, the world took him to mean a new hot time in Berlin. But his real goal was Germany itself.

Hot Time in Berlin, Reading slowly at lecture pace from a prepared text, Premier Khrushchev announced: "The time has come when the powers who signed the Potsdam agreement should give up the remnants of the German occupation regime. The Soviet Union, for its part, will hand over those functions which it still retains in Berlin to the sovereign German Democratic Republic [meaning Communist-run East Germany], and the U.S., French and British can form their own relations with East Germany if they still have questions about Berlin.

This blunt proposal to wipe out freedom's most exposed outpost in Europe set off a flurry of excited headlines. Western diplomats had been expecting some kind of trouble over Berlin. Four days before, at a press conference, Secretary of State John Foster Dulles had taken pains to be explicit: "We are most solemnly committed to hold West Berlinif need be, by military force," London, Paris and Bonn were just as forthright. In West Berlin, citizens inured to crises went their rounds unflustered.

Six-Month Stockpile, A big reason for Western steadiness was that West Berlin is a far more prosperous and populous community than the naked city that so desperately withstood Stalin's 1948-49 blockade. Business is booming, the hammering sounds of construction fill the air, the shell of a new Hilton Hotel is rising near the sleek shops of the

Kurfürstendamm.

All the city's supplies still have to cross that stubborn thumb of East Germany that separates Berlin from the West: one third arrives by rail, a third by truck, a third by barge. But governing Mayor Willy Brandt, a World War II resistance hero who looks as if he could fill the shoes of the late Bürgermeister Ernst Reuter of blockade-days' fame, let it be known that his government has stashed away six months' supplies of fuel, food and medicine, valued at \$180 million. If it came to a showdown, there were always the three air lanes from the West along which the airlift planes once shuttled, and along which Pan American, Air France and British European Airways now fly some

40 trips daily.

In East Germany Premier Otto Grotewohl seemed almost in a hurry to say, shortly after Khrushchev's speech, that nothing "sensational" was about to happen-then, correcting his initial announcement, added that, "naturally," Russian troops are likely to withdraw only when Western forces pull out.

There were plenty of signs that the Russians were building up a major campaign over the "German question.

Columnist Walter Lippmann, after a two-hour interview with Khrushchev, reported last week that Khrushchev discussed it "with more passion than he showed on any other subject.

In his Sports Palace speech, Khrushchev lashed out at dangerous West German "military circles" who are "playing with fire." Playing on fears that are still lively in Poland and Czechoslovakia, Khrushchev charged that "with the approval of NATO, the ruling circles of West Germany use every means to rouse military ambitions to swallow up" former German lands to the East. To stir up latent Western antagonisms toward Germany, Khrushchev asserted: "Economically, West Germany is flying at the throat of its West European allies." To frighten West Germans, he warned that their "geographical position" and Soviet "modern military techniques" ensure that "West Germany's drive to the East would be a drive to death," and that West Germany could not "survive one day of modern war." To Walter Lippmann, Khrushchev turned right around and warned the West that, to avoid "suicidal" missile war, the Germans would probably turn to the East instead of the West, as they had in the days of the Hitler-Stalin pact.

A Form of Legitimacy. In all this dazzling bewilderment of arguments, Khrushchev was obviously laying the groundwork for a new barter on Germany. He was not interested in reunification with free elections, which has long been Adenauer's and the West's position. He knows that his half has no moral authority, as shown by the number of refugees-2,000 a week-who flee to West Germany's prosperity and freedom. But he also knows the longing of all Germans for a closer community. His apparent strategy: using Berlin as his lever, to conclude a Big Four peace treaty over Germany that would leave to the "mutual consent of the Germans their future status, Not reunification but "confederation" would be his offer, and, in return for normalizing conditions between the two Germanys. Communist East Germany would achieve some form of legitimacy.

In such a deal, said the oily East German Communist Boss Walter Ulbricht last week, if the U.S., Britain and France had legitimate interests in West Berlin "we would not be petty."

Khrushchev knew that many West Germans-and not just the opposition Socialists-consider Adenauer's stand too rigid. Adenauer's government recently felt called upon to deny formally that any of



EAST GERMANY'S GROTEWOHL A hurried correction.

its ministers had ever been willing to negotiate with the East Germans. To this, the East Germans coyly asked: What happened June 11, 1955 and Oct. 20, 1956? Adenauer's government had to admit last week that on those dates Adenauer's Finance Minister (now Justice Minister) Fritz Schäffer had indeed crossed over into East Berlin to talk with an East German minister and the Russian ambassador. Schäffer did it on his own, said Adenauer, and had not been deterred because "his conscience" required it.

At week's end the Russian air control officer was still showing up every day to help approve Western flights to Berlin. One three-truck U.S. convoy was stopped for eight hours at the West Berlin gate-



WEST GERMANY'S SCHÄFFER A matter of conscience.

way-but by Soviet, not East German guards; and hundreds of other trucks passed through without difficulty. In Moscow Nikita Khrushchev told graduates of Moscow's Military Academies that the Soviet Union had not meant to imply the use of force at Berlin, but that his government would soon offer the U.S., Britain and France "definite, concrete proposals regarding the status of Berlin.

Western allies, expecting a gradual Soviet turnover to the East Germans braced themselves for a new testing of their intentions and resolutions.

ITALY

The Brave Ones

In his newly published memoirs, Britain's brilliant, opinionated Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Alamein stepped on the toes of old friends and old foes alike. Most of the old friends shrugged it off: "You know Monty." But one old foe, the Italians, complained that Montgomery had pictured their World War II soldiers as something less than lions.

Italian troops, Monty wrote, were "unreliable when it came to hard fighting": they "surrendered in droves, headed by the generals carrying their suitcases." Of Italy's mid-war switch from the Axis to the Allies: "This looked like the biggest double-cross in history." Italian morale. Monty added, was very low, and "that

army would not face up to the Germans. "Rude," "uncharitable," "vulgar," cried Italian editorialists. Four Italian war veterans' associations demanded government "action" against Monty, Vicenzo Caputo, president of the Italian Nationalist Association, vainly challenged Monty to a duel, and an old-line monarchist demanded that the duffle coats known in Italy as "Montgomerys" be banned. One Italian newspaper recalled Ernest Hemingway's definition of a really dry martini-15 to 1 -called a Montgomery because those

were the battle odds Monty demanded. Before long, Premier Amintore Fanfani felt called upon to protest to the British Foreign Office. When the F.O. refused responsibility for Monty's opinions, Rome's Fascist Il Secolo snapped: "Pontius Pilate, sneering, washes his hands in the Thames." The Greeks, indignant about Cyprus and eager to join in any Britishbaiting, jumped in with praise of the "fighting spirit," in offense and defense, of

the Italians who invaded Greece in 1940. Last week, at the personal request of British Foreign Secretary Selwyn Lloyd, Monty penned a letter to the British Ambassador in Rome, which he said was "no retraction" but was intended to soothe. "In my view, the Italian army is, today, as good as any army in NATO . . . Any remarks I made in my memoirs were not intended to reflect in any way on the courage of the Italian soldier. During the late war his morale was low because his heart was not in the Fascist cause; also, he was not too well equipped." At week's end, Italians glowed in the reassurance from their newspapers that they had fought bravely, on both sides.

FRANCE

Shadow Marriage

Monique Guideno was married last week in a Paris mairie, but there was no happy wedding party afterward, no honeymoon, not even a bridegroom, "In the name of the law," said the deputy mayor who performed the ceremony. "I unite you with a shadow.

Monique's posthumous husband, Sergeant Félix Guy Lenestour, was killed in Algeria in July 1956. In his pocket was found a pass to go to Paris for his marriage. "I was desperate," said Monique. "I knew I was going to have a baby who would never have a father." The deputy mayor told the sobbing bride that Lenestour's "letters bore witness to an indestructible attachment for you. I am sure, madame, that you will carry the name of Félix Guy Lenestour with honor.

And Monique's infant son, Guy Claude, will bear his father's name as well, under a French law passed last year that permits posthumous marriages for servicemen killed in the Algerian war.

BELGIUM

"Open on the World"

His mother rushed into the room, her arms filled with flowers, her eyes filled with tears. Then came his sister, the burgomaster, the scores of well-wishers from all over the bustling (pop. 14,000) city of Huy, Belgium. At first, the slender, 48year-old Dominican priest could scarcely believe the news: the Nobel Committee of the Norwegian Parliament had just awarded him the 1958 Nobel Peace Prize. "I'm too young," Father Georges Pire protested. But an hour and a half later, he sent off his acceptance: "Say thank you to Norway, whose heart has replied so splendidly to mine."

For 20 years, thousands of wretched victims of this century's upheavals have learned to know the heart of Father Pire -"the heart open on the world." In 1938

he set up a nationwide organization to help the poor, during the war ran holiday camps for children who had been evacuated from the cities, and at night served in stealth as a chaplain with the Belgian resistance. Then, one day in 1949, he heard a lecture by a U.S. UNRRA official describing the plight of Europe's D.P.s. "It was such heartbreak," recalls Georges Pire, "such despair that it suddenly seemed to me that there was nothing I could doexcept do everything I could to remedy all that.

"Monstrously Alone." After a tour of camps for displaced persons ("Our century has probably created no image more terrible than the one evoked by that expression"), he set up a network of godparents who "adopted" D.P. families. Relying solely on gifts, he opened a home for aged refugees in Huy, later opened three more in other Belgian towns, But he soon came to realize that providing food and money was doing next to nothing to cure "the malady of the D.P."

The displaced, he found, "suffer from

'a rusting of the soul,' from a total uprooting, not only from their own countries, but from the world of men. They are alone, monstrously alone, and completely deprived of love. These people are sitting on a suitcase in a station, and have been waiting all these years for a train that will never come.

The consuls and do-gooders from foreign lands seemed willing to help only the young and able-"a miner or a ditchdigger. We have a widow with nine children. No one ever came for her." Pire's idea was to build special "European villages" for the D.P.s-not a separate community a potential ghetto, but "a neighborhood glued onto a city." Often he ran into ugly resistance; one Swiss village refused to allow him to start a home for aged refugees because it did not want to enlarge its cemetery: a German burgomaster got a letter threatening dire consequences should



NOBEL LAUREATE PIRE For those who are monstrously alone.

Pire bring his "gypsies" around; an Austrian village wanted to erect a high wall around the D.P.s to keep them from stealing the farmers' apples. But one by one, Pire's five villages were begun, (One is named after Albert Schweitzer; he wants to name his next after Anne Frank. Toit, Terre, Travail. The D.P.s came

to them from as far away as Siberia-a Czech who once taught Latin, an elderly seamstress, a family who lived 14 years in refugee camps. But for Pire, they were never "beggars living off our crumbs. They got "toit, terre, travail" (roof, land, work); "We help them, but only halfway the other half coming from them." He thought it essential for women to find pride in keeping a clean house with curtains at the windows, and men in earning their own wages, before the "weight of the odor and the noise" of the D.P. camps would fall away, and settlers would be capable again of love and hope.

In nine years Dominican Pire thinks he

may have traveled 250,000 miles telling the story of the D.P.s. "My subject is not exciting," he warns his listeners, "My subject is misery." But that very misery, he feels, may "serve to unite us," to establish, at least as a beginning, a "Europe of the heart . . . Two ideas are dear to me. The first is that for us each refugee is a man, a being of infinite worth, who deserves all our attention, all our love, whatever his nationality, his religion, his learning, his poverty, his moral misery. The other idea is, so to speak, the certainty of the deep unity of the human race. Newton said, 'Men build too many walls and not enough bridges." For Nobel Laureate Pire, there are still many bridges to be built for the 200,000 European refugees that his heart has as yet been unable to reach.

TURKEY

First Mate, Second Mate

Ever since Dictator Mustafa Kemal Ataturk overturned and reformed the Islamic rigidities of the Ottoman Empire in 1924. Turkish women by the thousands have come out from behind the veil, taken up short skirts and modern ideas. Polygamy was outlawed. But in Istanbul last week there sounded a still, small voice from the past. Lawyer Osman Nuri Lermioglu, a Democratic Deputy from Trabzon on the Black Sea, presented Parliament with a draft bill that would allow a Turk legally to have two wives but only if the first wife were ill or sterile. To prove that he was no Terrible Turk with a passion for bringing back the good old days of male supremacy, Deputy Lermioglu hastily explained that he had personally cleared the bill with his own wife of 32 years, Said Mrs, Lermioglu calmly; "I am sure of my husband."

BELGIAN CONGO Beware of the Crocodiles!

A native named Akva came stumbling into the military post at Ponthierville, 1,400 miles up the Congo River, Blinded from drinking denatured alcohol, he had been expelled from his tribe because he could no longer earn his keep. He began babbling incredible stories about men being kidnaped and killed by creatures that were not exactly crocodiles, not exactly men. Not far away, another native limped into the clinic of a European doctor. He had been on the river in his pirogue, he said, when its bow was seized by the powerful jaws of a crocodile and the boat overturned. While he desperately swam for the shore, the crocodile ripped at his flesh. The doctor refused to believe the man's story, pointed out that his wounds had been clearly caused by some sharp instrument, "To tell the truth," said the injured man, "the crocodile had a knife.

Missing Parts. To plumb this jungle mystery, the Belgian district officer at Ponthierville assigned a native policeman named Bumba, who journeyed among the native tribes-the dominant Panamoli and their rivals, the Basua-and the scattered river fishermen who are born, live and die in their pirogues, made from tree trunks scooped out with fire. There had been a number of unexplained disappearances along the river, many more than could be accounted for by accidental drownings or by voluntary departures to go to the city, or farther into the jungle, or to escape a nagging wife. The crocodiles got the rest, said the natives glibly. After all, in a region where the muddy Congo stretches more than a mile from bank to bank and is dotted with marshes and islands, crocodiles swarm, seizing the careless child, grasping by the foot the woman who washes clothes in the river. But other informants whispered of bodies found in the river strangely mutilated, without hands, heart, liver or sexual organs. These were swiftly buried and forgotten.

Following Bumba's lead, the authorities began to exhume some bodies. Nine of them (eight men and a woman) were found to have been partly dismembered, apparently to make ritual meals for cannibals. Ten suspects were rounded up and they readily admitted murdering 34 victims, explained that they ate the hand muscles of their victims to gain the skillfulness of the murdered one, the heart and liver to acquire his courage, the sexual organs to gain his power. Like the famed Aniotas or leopard men, Belgian officials say, the murderers often wore hooded. waist-long cloaks of crocodile skin that left their arms free to seize and strike. The attacks mostly took place at dawn or twilight in foggy or hazy weather, and the victims were often paralyzed by fright by the supernatural appearance of the crocodile men.

Whot's Wrong? The confessed criminals were members of the Panamoli tribe most of the victims were Basua. The Belgian authorities feel certain that the society of crocodile men was founded as an outgrowth of tribal rivalry. But though the crocodile men admitted their murders and the ritual cannibalism, they still refused last week to give any reason for the

Convicted of murder, they accepted their fate with an air of bafflement about the white man's justice. In their eyes could be read their failure to understand why they had been arrested. True, they had killed Basus—but are not the Basus enemies of the Panamolf! True, they had but who they had been arrested to their vicinity bodies—but how else could they appropriate the victime' personal qualifies?

QUEMOY

The Odd Days

In a world in which the bizarre, the senseless and the cruel soon become commonplace, no one—outside the inhabitants themselves—paid much attention last week to Kukang. Three months ago it was a thiving coastal village. Its farmers and fishermen prospered from land and sea. And then the Communist artillery attack began, and the villagers hastily dug shelters in the ground.



CIVILIAN VICTIMS OF RED CHINESE SHELLS ON QUEMOY
Where the senseless and the cruel became commonplace.

After the Reds proclaimed their shortlived case-fire, the villagers emerged from underground, and farmers went back to the fields to harvest what was left of their millet, sweet potatoes and peanuts. "If there is a lack of anythine," Red China's Defense Minister Marshal Peng Teh-huai broadcast to the people of Quemoy, "just tell us and we shall give it to you, It is time now to turn from fee to friend."

By the Colondor. Last week the village of Kultang was only a memory. Nothing was left of it except the public well. Next to the well stood the ruins of the ancient temple that served Kukang's 150 families. In the rubble of shattered homes, the villagers had found 18 of their number, dead or mainted. Others have died since—one or mainted. Others have died since—one civilian victims of the grotesque Red Chin as assault that takes place every other day.

The people of Kukang, and all of Quemy, now live—and die—by the calendar. On the odd days of the month, when Red hells pour thunderously in from the main-land, the people of Kukang stay holed in their shelters—grandmothers, babies, ducks and chickens squeezed tightly into dank caves, protected from the cold November winds only by tattered curtains of sacking. Their schools long since closed, sacking, their schools long since closed, sharped, Night closes in early, By 6 p.m. he people have cleaned their bowls of rice, bean curd and cabbage and settled down on straw must to await the dawn.

By Down's Early Light. On the even days, when the Reds do not shell the island (to prove that they can control its destiny at will even if they cannot seize it), supplies pour into the beaches from Formosa. Farmers swarm into the fields. But having learned to distrust the promises of Peking, they pack two days' work into the five morning hours, furiously irritiot the five morning hours, furiously irrigating, hoeing the weeds, planting winter crops. Some, like wizened Tun Men-tse, venture out before dawn even on the odd days, crouching in the dark to get in a couple of hours' labor. It is a gamble, but, says Tun. "we have to eat."

The fishermen of Kukang have not put to sea since the Reds began their bombardment Aug. 23. Their sampans lie bottoms-up on the beach, drying and cracking; their nets are in shreds.

An eerie silence descends as each even day draws to a close. Only an occasional nervous laugh betrays the outward calm of the courageous but tense villagers. They know that, come morning, the fickle, deadly torture from the mainland will begin again with rumble of cannon and flash of fire.

IRAQ

To the Gallows!

In Mideastern revolutions, the man out in front of the mob may not be leading it —he may be running for his life. Iraq's ruling General Karim Kassem is in the familiar situation; his army, which alone can overawe the mob, is a nuncertain weapon. Kassem has afready clapped in weapon. Kassem has afready clapped in Aprel, his co-conspirator in the four-month-old revolt, as well as a dozen other suspect army officers. Kassem has also tried to placate the mob by alloting free seeds to farmers, and promising land reforms.

Having offered the mob bread, Kassem last week supplied it with a circus: the windup of the farcical trial of Fadhil Jamali, ex-Foreign Minister and, on one occasion, Prime Minister of Iraq in the old regime of Nuri as-Said, Fadhil Jamali, 55, an honest, simple-living pro-Western politician with an American wife and three children, had no chance at all. Of the

five members of the military tribunal, only one had any experience in law. The trial sessions were broadcast on radio and TV, and held at night to ensure a packed courtroom, where staged demonstrations against the defendants were permitted.

Jamali was allowed to make a defense speech against a hodgepodge of charges speech against a hodgepodge of charges that ranged from "insulting Nasser" to "squandering public money on plots in-spired by the imperialists," to "failing to be anti-Jewsh" (a marked absurdity to those who remembered his ability in the U.N. to match any other Arab in anti-Israeli invective). With dignity and courage, Jamali said he had favored Arab



Ex-Foreign Minister Jamali on Trial Instead of justice, a circus.

unity but not under Nasser, nor by Nasser's sleazy methods, Jamali had supported Iraq's membership in the Baghdad Pact because he saw only two possibilities for a modern state, either "strength or alliance with one of the big blocs. We are not strong, and therefore we must join an alliance. I chose the West."

The sentence: death by hanging for Jamali and three others. On hearing the verdict, Jamali seemed almost to lose his balance, then leaned wearily on the railing of the prisoner's box. An assistant prosecutor bawled: "Long live justice! Long live the republic!" Out on the Baghdad streets, the mob howled its joy, clamored for even more death sentences. The mob was clearly closing in on General Kassem, who alone has the power of clemency. The U.S. and Britain felt horror and shock at the verdict (they had expected a prison term), but knew that any public statement by them would only deliver Jamali more surely than ever into the hands of the mob.

JORDAN

The King Chasers

Jordan's King Hussein was off at last on his long-planned three-week vacation in Europe. With the man who taught him to fly. R.A.F. Wing Commander Jock Dalgleish, beside him as copilot, the young King flew his twin-engined de Havilland Dove, with the royal Hashemite standard painted on its stabilizer, humming high above the Syrian desert at a modest 160 m.p.h. Suddenly the Damascus radio crackled a warning that the plane had no overflight clearance, demanded the identity of its crew and passengers. The King refused and turned the controls over to Dalgleish, defying an airport order to land at Damascus.

Before they knew it, two Syrian MIG 17 jets swooped down in an "aggressive" pass. Dalgleish plunged the royal plane earthward, bedgehopped for 50 minutes as it fled back to the Jordanian border while the Syrian MIGs, flows somewhat amateurishly; made five more "quarter tatcks" at the plane, but without firing. Landed safely at his capital city of Augueriand: "Left's have some breakfast,"

Furor in Amman. This lighthearted mood soon passed: the Bedouin-led Jordanian army, which had been poised outside the city in case trouble started in the King's absence now wanted to march on Syria's Damascus. Troops swarmed in the streets of Amman, firing shots in the air, shouting: "Long live Hussein!" and "Hussein, we are your men!" Grateful citizens carried Hussein on their shoulders. Premier Samir Rifai informed the U.N. representative in Amman, Pier P. Spinelli, that the government intended to protest Syria's behavior to the U.N. Security Council. Jordan demanded an immediate meeting of the Arab League Council to take action. U.A.R. officials replied that Hussein's plane had been crossing Syria without proper clearance and had been intercepted by its MIGs in a routine and perfectly legal manner. Cairo newspapers ridiculed what they called "Hussein's heroics" and claimed his report of events was "a story dreamed up by imperialists for a child to tell the world.

Who's to Blame? Jordan's airport control tower at Amman had relayed the King's flight plan-from Amman to Beirut via Syria-as required by the international aviation regulations. But had anyone also obtained the overflight clearance through diplomatic channels required before the King's plane could cross a foreign border? There was an embarrassing silence in Amman. Someone thought the flight had been cleared through U.N. Representative Pier Spinelli. In a prompt denial, Spinelli snapped: "What do you think we are, a travel bureau?" The chief of the Royal Jordanian Air Force, Lieut, Colonel Ibrahim Othman, who still suffers occasional blackouts from head injuries suffered when he was caught and badly mauled by the Baghdad mob during the July 14 rebellion in Iraq, remembered having given someone an order to obtain diplomatic clearance from Syria, but failed to follow it up.

At week's end Jordan was still lustily celebrating the King's deliverance, as well as his 32rd birthday. Whatever the unpopularity of his regime, the festivities on the control of the control of the control and admired more than ever now for having shown the quality of luck. Had he been killed over Syria, however, Jordan might now be plunged into revolution, and the Middle East into war. This knowlhard at the great sanfu.

GHANA

Uproot the Enemy

The regular policemen who were herded into the carayan of trucks one night last week knew nothing of their assignment: they were simply told that they were being moved out into the country. But as the trucks drove through the streets of Accra, the officers in charge would order them halted at certain houses, would declare that there was something strange going on inside, and would then march in and arrest the owner. Prime Minister Kwame Nkrumah's Voice of Ghana told his people just what the mysterious roundup was all about. A plot, by something called the "Zenith Seven," to assassinate the Prime Minister and to overthrow the government had been uncovered. and the government was out to get 43

To the Association Wards, A curious silence settled over Ghana at the news. Prime Minister Kwame Nkrumah has been having trouble holding together his young country (which got its independence from Britain in March 1957). As eager foster parents of the new nation, the British have generally sided with Nkrumah's need to assert jurisdiction over tribal chieftains, and have made understanding noises about "growing pains." Only a fortnight ago the Mother of Parliaments appropriated \$3,500 for a speaker's chair "dignified design" to be presented to the Ghana Parliament, But was the child proving an apt pupil in democracy? For all his deportations and his juggling of the constitution (TIME, Nov. 17), Nkrumah had never before resorted to so drastic an action as the mass arrests-or trumped up a more questionable excuse. It so happened that the 43 included the entire executive committee of the Accra branch of the opposition party, and all but two of the 27 who opposed the government in the last municipal election. The exceptions: a man too old to make trouble, another already deported to Nigeria.

Bundled into "association wards" (i.e., cells) in St. James Fort prison, the prisoners were forbidden to see their relatives or even to receive food from them. At one point, Ntrumah's strong-arm Minister of the Interior, Krobo ("The Crowbar") Edusei, inspected them along with an escort of guards armed with truncheons. Over the radio the government insisted



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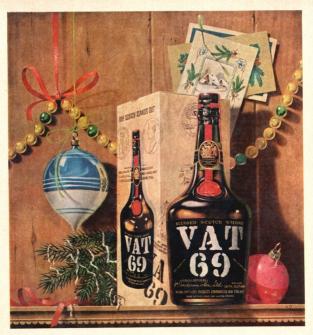
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PRIME MINISTER NERUMAH & EDUSEI
One broken mug.

that it had no desire to curb the opposition, even proclaimed the end of a twomonth-old ban on political meetings. But The Crowbar, a mug through and through, was not yet done with his work.

To the Slaughter. "What is coming is coming," cried Edusei in a street speech. "The job of the politician is to uproot his enemies. Others who are involved in the plot and have not been arrested will be, one by one." Those already in jail, added Edusei, would be kept there five years, and anyone visiting them more than four times would end up in prison too. Edusei then announced that the government was withdrawing the passports of members of the opposition, added that he had thousands of secret policemen at work watching for potential subversives. And what if the people had resisted the mass arrest? "I would have brought out my armored cars and slaughtered them like hell.

Such bawling tough talk was apparently a bit too much for Prime Minister Nkrumah; the government hastily declared that it had "not yet decided" to withdraw any passports (though in the past the buffoonish Edusei has often only been guilty of announcing news prematurely and a little too vigorously). Later the government announced that Edusei had been removed as Interior Minister, and that Nkrumah himself would take on his job. Taking advantage of the new freedom to hold public meetings, Opposition Leader K. A. Busia ridiculed the idea of a plot against the government: the 43 socalled conspirators, being politicians of many factions, were scarcely on speaking terms with one another, so, "how could they plot?" Later he laid down a moving challenge to the government. "I am a sick man." he told a hushed and tense

audience. "I have no strength. I cannot fight even a schoolboy. I have never killed a fowl. But I am fighting Nkrumah with a weapon no police army or bomb can destroy. And we shall win!"

CENTRAL AFRICA The White Knight

Over the hammering of the rain on the in roof of a tobacco shed, the burly, shaggy-browed six-footer boomed into a microphone: "I know that the African National Congress is saying. Freedom at any price: "This is premound and price who talk this way realize what would become of the ordinary balck man in this country." The speaker: Sir Roy Welensky, 5; Prime Minister of Britain's Central Africa Federation, stumping for his party just before last week's national election. In the country of the price was the proposed of the

The richest slice of Africa over which Britain still has a measure of control, the federation, which is larger than Britain, France, Holland and Germany combined was founded in 1953 by welding the protectorates of Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia to the self-governing colony of Southern Rhodesia. The Central Africa Federation (pop. 7,450,000) is the world's second largest exporter of copper, fourth largest of tobacco-a land dotted with modern cities and rich in asbestos, coal lithium, chrome and cobalt. But in the stretch of the Zambesi River Valley, soon to be flooded by the Kariba Dam, the Stone Age Tonga tribe still wear porcuoine quills in their noses, and in Northern Rhodesia, Barotseland is regularly plagued by gruesome ritual murders. In the whole federation there are only four Negro physicians and three Negro lawyers, among tion was formed, the cry of more and more blacks has been "Kwaca!" (dawn,

meaning beginning of freedom). 'I'll Agitate Until . . ." It is in Nyasaland, the poorest region of all, that the cry is loudest, Though the Nyasas benefit most from the federation (for every pound sterling they pay to the central government, they get back two in subsidies), they look with horror at the example of more prosperous Southern Rhodesia, where a kind of apartheid exists and the blacks are plagued by pass laws. curfews, and even segregated phone booths. Stirring up the Nyasas' restiveness is Dr. Hastings K. Banda, the prosperous physician who returned last summer from a self-imposed exile in London to campaign for freedom (TIME, July 21). He has addressed scores of mass meetings. has stubbornly refused to talk things over with Welensky, has stuck to his simple goal of removing Nyasaland from the federation entirely. "I'll agitate," says he, 'until they send me to prison. I'm quite ready for Makarios' old room in the Seychelles. It's empty,'

When Sir Roy became Prime Minister

in 1956, he alarmed some extremist whites by his announced policy of slowly working for the "racial partnership" that the federal constitution calls for. His enthusiasm for partnership has slowed even more after riots in Nyasaland, train derailings in Northern Rhodesia, and Mau Mautype cattle slashings in protest against a government campaign for vaccination. A self-educated man who started out as a prizefighter and locomotive engineer, blunt, sophisticated Sir Roy has gradually stiffened his attitude toward racial partnership until he has become a sort of White Knight of the white man's cause. Though he wants the federation to be independent within the British Commonwealth by 1960, he also wants the government to rest in "civilized hands," * He detests the starry-eyed idealists in the Colonial Office who seem to have "a color complex in reverse-the assumption that the white man can do no right. It is high time." says he "that the white man in Africa be given a little more credit for what he has done.'

"I Don't Accept ..." On the surface, the election—the second in the federation's history—was to have been a boon to the Negroes: their representation in the expanded sy-man Legislative Assembly was up from six to twelve. But the whole machinery of registration was weighted against them. To qualify for the general roll to elect all candidates, including Eu-

* A variation on Empire Builder Cecil Rhodes's famed formula, "Equal rights for every civilized man," which held out the promise of eventual rights for Negroes with 1) literacy, 2) property.





MISSILE-PLATFORM BOMBERS. Boeing B-52Gs roll off the company's Wichita production line. The longest-range jets in the world, global B-52G will carry uspersonic air-to-ground misselse in addition to their regular bomb loads, combining occurate long-range guidance with bomb loads, combining occurate long-range guidance with defense mission. Strategic Air Command B-32Gs will be able to strike several targets thousands of miles spart.

MISSION TO MARS. Scale model, based on an advanced study by Boeing scientists, of a future space vehicle that could make a reconnaissance trip to Mars and return. Launched from a satellite 400 miles above the earth, when such orbital platforms become available, the vehicle would escape seem to a Martian orbit to observe the planet. Guidance would be by a "memory" pre-programmed into the vehicle.

Boeing is also at work on advanced projects capable of achieving operational status in the nearer future. One of them is a manued space vehicle which will orbit the earth, then skip in and out of the atmosphere to slow down for re-entry and normal landing. Boeing is also associate prime contractor for assembly and test of the Air Force's

Boeing is also associate prime contractor for assembly and test of the Air Force's Minuteman, a solid propellant intercontinental ballistic missile under development.



AUTOMATIC BLAST-OFF. Supersonic Boeing Bomarcs, Air Defense Command's longest-range missiles, defend entire areas, and in tests have successfully intercepted missiles such as the supersonic X-10 long before they could reach their targets. Bomarcs are tied-in with SAGE system that alerts and coordinates the nation's air defenses.



ropeans, a voter had to have an income of \$148 a month, and few blacks come near to making even a third of that. A new special roll for black candidates requires only \$35 a month, but special voters could choose only Africans, and these were to be elected only by a combination

of the two rolls.

In Nyasaland the boycott of the election was so nearly complete that only 15 special voters signed up. Southern Rhodesia Ind 625. Northern Rhodesia only decis Ind 625. Northern Rhodesia only eral Party gobbled up 46 out of 59 seats; the idealistic Constitution Party, which plumped for racial equality, got nonemidst just as well have stayed brone. The midst just as well have stayed brone. The Party, which got 55% of the vote, and nine seats, on a platform not much different from the racist doctrine of South Artica. By their standard, Sir Roy is

With his victory behind him, Sir Roy announced that he would soon head for London to secure independence in 1966. But he also had some other significant business to transact with the Colonial Office: to present the case of the whites against appointing two Neeroes to the white against appointing two Neeroes to him, "sid he, "is very clear. I don't accept the thesis that only an African should be concerned with African affairs."

CYPRUS

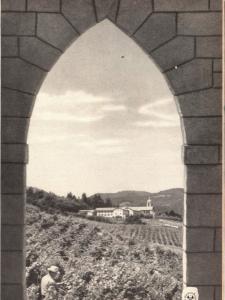
In the Front Line

A bullet in the back, a mine on the road, a bomb in a chocolate box-British civilians as well as soldiers were dving ugly deaths on Cyprus, and the British at home were getting into the kind of mood that approved the gallows on the golf course against the Mau Mau in Kenya. London's big popular newspapers demanded a "get tough" policy against the Greek Cypriot terrorists. Backbenchers in Prime Minister Harold Macmillan's Tory Party muttered that Britain's liberal Governor on Cyprus, Sir Hugh Foot, should be replaced by a military Governor-someone like stern Sir Gerald Templer, who used such collective-punishment measures as cutting the rice ration of villagers in Malaya to make them inform on Communists

On Cyprus, Sir Hugh broadcast to British civilians: "You are all in the front line now. No one should say, It can't happen to me.' "Then the British began to put into action the most drastic measures yet taken against EOKA, the Greek terrorist organization, and against Greek

Cypriots in general.

"Getting to grips with the bastards," Major General Kenneth Darling, Britain's tough-talking Cyprus operations chief, called it. Dectarde he: "Any Englishman who wants a gun may have one. But he must know how to use it. They're not a ration of potatoes." At a tent set up on an unused garbage dump outside the island's capital, Nicosia, British civilians lined up to receive 3,8 revolvers after



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with

demonstrating on a nearby target range that they could hit a life-sized tin terrorist at 15 ft. "You're unlikely to need more," one instructor explained, "The thing is always to look behind you."

In General Darling's "no-holds-barred" search for terrorists, soft-shoed British troops dropped at night from rooftops onto the balconies of Greek Cypriot homes, marched in through the unlocked doors to search for weapons in refrigerators and under beds. After three days the balcony raids were suspended because of complaints from Greek Cypriot women caught in various stages of undress by the unannounced visitors.

But after a terrorist bomb exploded under a settee in a Royal Air Force canteen, killing two airmen, the British in retaliation abruptly dismissed some 4,000 Greek Cypriot employees (but not the Turkish Cypriot employees) from all of the island's R.A.F. bases and canteens, thus throwing many innocent people out of work. If, as the British maintain, most Greek Cypriots deplore EOKA terrorism, they were being made to pay for it.

Such measures quieted the critics in London who were demanding the ouster of the man some called "Pussyfoot." So did Prime Minister Harold Macmillan's expression of "complete confidence in the Governor." But it was a measure of Britain's mood that when the call went out for 500 volunteers to serve in the canteens on Cyprus, no fewer than 17,000 (mostly women) stepped forward-by telephone and in queues that formed at 5 a.m .- to volunteer for duty in the turbulent front line.

JAPAN

The Vanishing Geisha

"There was sake, of course," reported the disgruntled American tourist in Tokyo last week, "but the girls seemed most interested in plying us with highballs. 'Let's dance!' one of them said, stubbing out her cigarette, and we all cha-chaed to a hi-fi phonograph. When we finished eating, another girl with a horse's laugh, said, 'Let's play baseball.' So we all got up and pretended to be hitting, catching and running: the object of the game was to bump rumps. Later the girls offered to dance for us. They went out for a few minutes, then came back, twirling hula hoops about their waists while the hi-fi played rock 'n' roll. The evening ended after only two hours, and it cost us a fortune. It was the damndest thing I ever saw.

It was not like old times in the famed wooden geisha houses along the river Sumida. A geisha party before the war meant soft lights from many-colored lanterns, the tinkle of the samisen, a mossy garden with elegant dollhouse trees, a banquet starting with pickled sea-urchin eggs, dried seaweed, bonito entrails, mushrooms, and cuttlefish served with maple leaves and chrysanthemums. Above all, it meant the geisha girls themselves, in lacquered wigs and colorful kimonos, who



CYPRUS' GENERAL DARLING 'Getting to grips.

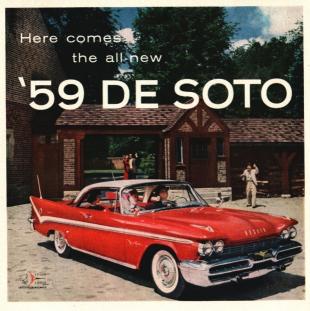
poured sake from porcelain vases, performed their slow and discreet dances, and sang their sad, seductive love invitations:

A cigarette gives its body, And allows itself to be kissed, Until it becomes ashes All for its master.

As many Americans have learned, all that has passed.

Though Tokyo's 600 aging geishas still keep up their traditional routine-the three daily sessions in the public baths, the facial massage with costly nightingale dung, the rubbing of the feet with pumice stone-their number is steadily dwindling. Promising nymphets now prefer to take on more explicit and less demanding jobs as cabaret girls; young men in search of kicks favor the nude shows that flourish all over town. To compete with the cabarets, the geishas have taken up such desperate sidelines as juggling and playing the xylophone-a far cry from the haughty geishas who were the quietly indispensable social companions of the rich and powerful.

Last week the geisha trade suffered vet another blow. With the government beginning to look into the once-secret and tax-e apt expense accounts that businessmen used for geisha parties, 20 of Japan's leading firms issued an ultimatum to their employees: no more parties, except for gullible foreigners, "Japan," says one oldtime patron of the Sumida houses, "is the land of the vanishing geisha. In the end they will wind up as purely tourist attractions-like the Navajo Indians." The plain fact is that the stylized coquetry of the classic geisha is no longer fashionable, "Frankly," said one Japanese businessman last week, "they have become a bore.



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ARGENTINA

A Taste of Firmness

Elected with the help of Peronista votes, Argentine President Arturo Frondizi struggled for six months to convert the ex-dictator's followers to his cause of rebuilding Argentina. Last week, in a Peronista-provoked crisis, he wrathfully

turned against them.

The crisis' root was Argentina's oil problem. With coal supplies meager and hydroelectric sources remote, the nation runs on oil; it burns 250,000 bbl. a day to power factories, move trains, heat homes, cook food. An estimated 2.3 billion-bbl. oil reserve lies underground, but the government oil monopoly, Y.P.F., has only enough resources to produce 35% of the country's requirements. Dollar-short Argentina spent more than \$300 million last year to import the rest. Frondizi saw only one solution. Risking the wrath of nationalistic Peronistas (and nationalists in his own Radical Party), he negotiated \$1 billion worth of development contracts with foreign oil companies, mostly from the U.S. (TIME, Aug. 4). Signed up were Pan American International Oil Co., Union Oil Co., Lane-Wells Co. and Carl M. Loeb, Rhoades & Co.

Corrots v. Stick. At first, the nationalists appeared to accept the contracts. Frondizi in turn went out of his way to be nice to Peronistas, granting them annesty, restoring confescated property, almovement under a plan drawn up by his Economic and Social Affairs Secretary, Rogelio Frigerio. A few rumbles came from within the Radical Party, notably Gome, but they sounded minor.

Not until three weeks ago, when the first U.S. oilmen from Loeh Rhoades arrived at La Ventana oilfield in Mendoza province, did the meaning of Frondizi's oilworkers in Mendoza gave Frondizi 43, hours to cancel the oil contracts. When Frondizi ignored their ultimatum, they struck. The national ollworkers' union then called for a nationwide walkout, and ed ulnioss threatened a general strike.

Frondia' decided it was time to throw way the carrot and use the sitick. He won the support of the armed forces by agreeing to stop wooing Peronistas. Then, by radio, he made his "final pleat" for an end to the strike, biaming "Communists" and "political groups who believe it is possible the plea failed. Frondia' acted. He fired Peronista-Wooser Friegerio, declared a 30day state of siege, ordered a nationwide roundup of strike leaders. Within a few hours, 469 Peronistas and Communists

were in jail.

Unruly Veep. Another crisis was still to come. Under the impression that Frondizi's troubles made him ripe for ousting, a group of his political enemies attempted



President Francizi & Vice President Gómez It was all a tremendous mistake, indeed.

Associated Press

THE AMERICAS For Better Relations

The president of sprawling W. R. Grace & Co., which is the No. 1 banker, shipping line, manufacturer and trader on South America's West Coast, last week turned his businessman's brain and long Latin American experience to the worrisome problem of U.S.-Latin American relations, suggested some concrete ways to improve them. Speaking to alumni of the University of Pennsylvania's Wharton School of Finance and Commerce, Joseph Peter Grace Jr., 45, noted the hemisphere's close ties, both economic ("It is the area where we have the largest direct private investment abroad-almost \$9 billion") and historical ("Our people all came here, primarily from Western Europe, in search of freedom and opportunity"

of freedom and opportunity"), "Yet," said Grace, "we are not getting on well enough together." He cited Latin American answers to a Lirz poll that asked. "Said the Life Latin to the cold was also even, or stay out of the cold was also even, or stay out of the cold was also even, or stay out of the cold was also even, or stay out of the cold was also even, or stay out of the cold was also even, or stay out of the cold was also even to the cold was also even

¶ A Secretary for Hemisphere Affairs modeled after Britain's Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations. ¶ Tax and other incentives to encourage

Tax and other incentives to encourage U.S. capital to help build Latin America's industrial plant and diversify her one-crop economies.

¶ More U.S. emphasis on teaching Latin American history, geography, Spanish and Portuguese. ¶ Parity between the price that Latin

American nations get in the U.S. for their

a coup. For their front man they chose Vice President Gómez. Gómez went to Frondizi, told him that unless he stepped down and allowed Gómez to step up as head of a coalition government, blood would be shed. Frondizi quickly checked with his army chiefs, found no sign of dissension, then faced Gómez. Outmaneuth of the company of the co

Despite his protestations of innocence, a gang of Frondiz supporters invaded Gómez office next day. wrecked furniture, destroyed papers and ordered Gómez to teste in Frondizi's hands, and the national oil union decided to postspone its strike threat. Frondizi was still on top, He had took his dubious Peronista support, and the Mendoza oliworkers were still on the Mendoza oliworkers were still on demonstrated formers.

CANADA

"Here I Am . . . "

Serious state business took Prime Minister John George Diefenbaker on his 27,000-mile, 53-day world tour, but in Rome last week he was just a superprivileged tourist. He roamed among the ruins of the Colosseum and the Forum ("That's where Cicero stood"), and wife Olive shopped for Christmas presents of handkerchiefs and Venetian glass. Then Baptist Diefenbaker called at the Vatican for an audience with Pope John XXIII. chatted for 15 minutes, emerged exclaiming at the new Pope's "benign, amiable personality "and his modest outlook." He quoted the Pope as having told him (through an interpreter): "Here I am at the end of the road and at the top of the heap.



He helped shrink the earth

Since January Captain Lyle Richardson has been taking part in require affights that cross the U. S. and completely circle the earth. The fact that Qantas pilots do this is evidence of the superior airmanship that distinguishes the oldest airline in the English-speaking world. Qantas airmanship, coupled with really superb in-flight amenities, makes world, and so throoughly enjoyable world, and Qantas the most throoughly enjoyable world. And Qantas offers the fastest, most frequent service to Australia, frequent flights to Europe, Ask your travel agent about Qantas!



Call QANTAS in New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Hor Iulu, Vancouver, B.C., or BOAC, general sales agent for Qant in New York, Chicago, Washington, Boston, Detroit, Man raw materials and the price they pay for our manufactures. "Chile, Peru, Mexico and Bolivia have seen the export prices of their metals drop from 40% to 50% during the last several years," said Grace, while the average price of U.S. exports to Latin America has risen 11%.

¶ "A positive attitude toward Latin America based upon permanent friendship and not upon 'crash' programs when we get into trouble abroad."

Added Grace: "The recent slap at Mex-sico and Peru in the form of lead and not zinc quotas should never have occurred. Political pressure from three mountain states should not have been permitted to strike down our relations with 175 to strike down our relations with 175 to faith in us. Can we regain our position in Latin Americas and damage their faith in us. Can we regain our position in Latin America? For our mutual survival we must.

Meeting of the Red Hats

Five Lafin American cardinals, a sarchishops and up bishops met in Rome last week to find solutions for the Roman last week to find solutions for the Roman Latin America. The predates were attending a meeting of the Latin American Bishop Council (CELAM), a church agency founded in Roi in 1955 to coordinate Remissible and the Romerican Council and the Rom

The two main problems facing the Catholic Church in Latin America are a shortage of priests and heavy inroads by Protestantism. To overcome them, Arch-bishop Antonio Samore, a member of the Vatican State Secretarist, described a "positive" approach, "We are not against anyone or anything," he said, "We just strive to strongthen our faith, on which we have also also also the control of the said to make their work more effective," and to make their work more effective.

Successful Protestant missions, organized and financed by rich congregations in the U.S., have pushed Latin America's Protestant community from a mere 17,0,000 in 1916 to nearly 5,000,000 to 404, To halt this trend, CELAM wants more clergymen. Latin America has 35% of the world's Catholics but only \$5,% of its priests. CELAM's plan is to establish an extra clergy, in the meantime, it wants more Spanish and other foreign priests to fill the gap.

To beef up apostolic frepower and increase its range. CELAM will make heavy use of radio and TV. Priests hope to supply remote communities with more radios to pick up religious programs broadcast by church transmitters. To finance the new drive, the church hopes to raise some money in Latin America, more in the U.S. Politically, CELAM will favor "flexible".

* Santiago Luis Copello and Antonio Caggiano of Argentina, Crisanto Luque of Colombia, Carlos María de la Torre of Ecuador and Jaime de Barcos Camara of Rezvil ble" democracy rather than the authorizarian governments it once preferred. It will support welfare programs to attract workers. Said one prefate: "The church fact that Christian sociology is not incompatible with a great number of modern social concepts. The church believes in nurrowing the gap between classes. There are the control of the control of the church believes in need not be so far apart as they are in Latin America.

VENEZUELA

Plot No. I

Rear Admiral Wolfgang Larrazábal, president of the temporary junta that has ruled Venezuela since last January's revolution, last week took the final step in his preparations for making the presidential job permanent. He resigned to leave him-



Larrazábal & Sanabria Looking for a permanent job.

self free to run (against Politicians Rómulo Betancourt and Rafael Caldera) in the Dec, 7 elections, turning his job over to Conservative Professor Edgard Sanabria, 47, one of the five-man junta's two civilian members. Almost immediately, Sanabria had to deal with his first antiiunta olto.

Five army officers—presumably sympathetic to Major General Marcos Pérez Jiménez, the overthrown dictator—were charged with making plans for a revoluciar description of the charge of the charged vate home in Caracas, and were quietly vate home in Caracas, and were quietly vate home in Caracas, and spent the police set up roadblocks and spent the day checking traffic in and out of the city. All of the junta members spent that the contraction of the contracti

By this week the plot excitement simmered down, and Sanabria was free to have a quiet chat with visiting New York Governor-elect Nelson Rockefeller.



At certain times of the year we're reminded how well off we are—as Americans. The most heartfelt thanks of all often come from the head of the table—especially these days when being a family provider is no light responsibility. For past blessings, it is a time for gratitude. For the future, a time for high hopes and careful planning.

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PEOPLE

Down deep. Monaco's blonde, sere Princess Grace is still just one of the girls. On a trip to Europe, reported strapping Olympic Sculler Champion Jack Kelly, he and some 22 of his crewmates dropped in on Sis and husband Prince Rainier, who put the crew up for the night, cheerfully hosted a hamburger broil, guzzled beer from the bottle with the boys, "She's still the same girl, a little more domesticated, but she fits in all right," reported lack, "Her only trouble is that she doesn't speak French so well, but her husband speaks English.'

For the feast day commemorating the consecration of Roman Catholicism's mother church.* the slender Jesuit, delivering his maiden sermon to worshipers (mostly English-speaking) at Rome's Church of San Silvestro in Capite, had a text from St. Matthew ("Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build my church") and a theme that father might well approve: the need for unity among Christians. The preacher: the Rev. Avery Dulles, S.J., 39, second son of Presbyterian John Foster Dulles.

Bent on a Paris weekend, madcap Comedienne Bea Lillie, currently whooping it up as the West End's Auntie Mame, mameishly chartered her own Viscount, took off from London with a slew (38) of friends, including high-spirited Actors Trevor Howard and Charles Laughton. Highlights of the tour: a determined check on rive droite fleshpots, a calorieladen spread at the Tour d'Argent, a gleeful reunion with another Mame, Greer * The Basilica of St. John Lateran, cathedral of the Pope as Bishop of Rome



PARTYGOERS HOWARD & LILLIE Anyone for Rome?

Garson, who subbed briefly for Rosalind Russell in the Manhattan version. Buckled back into the plane some 44 hours later, tireless Hostess Lillie was still crying for more ("I want to continue the party all night. To hell with Auntie Mame"), next day breathed plans for another weekend. New target: Rome.

In the midst of a recent fast-paced look at U.S. military installations in the Far East, the Army's trim, tough Chief of Staff, General Maxwell Taylor, found someone for tennis, relaxed knee by knee



in Djakarta after some amiable sets with his Indonesian counterpart, Lieut. General Abdul Haris Nasution.

For the first time in its 50-year history, the National Institute of Social Sciences awarded one man a second gold medal, last week hailed 84-year-old ex-President Herbert Hoover, as it had in 1918, for 'distinguished service to humanity."4 Cracked a proud, beaming Hoover: "Your presentation after this 40-year interval should be construed by those who come after me as a certificate of the propriety of my conduct when on this earth.'

Outside the secluded stone house near Washington's Rock Creek Park, two "For Sale" signs were spiked forlornly in the lawn. Inside, curious house seekers noted the scarred plaster, peeling paint, gro-tesquely overstuffed furniture, shabby, faded Oriental rug that had been replaced by a shiny new one during much of the stay of the previous tenant, former Presidential Assistant Sherman Adams.

Surviving a sedate, polite luncheon with the Chicago Council on Foreign Affairs, Russia's Ambassador Mikhail ("Smiling Mike") Menshikov stepped outside the Palmer House hotel, walked through a sullen mob of Hungarian and Baltic refugees brandishing anti-Soviet placards. As Menshikov hurried into his car, the crowd closed in, gave chase as the limousine eased down the street. Stopped by a red light, the envoy stared stolidly ahead as his pursuers roared out epithets ("Dirty pig! Murderer!"). Then the signal changed and Menshikov, his customary grin long since gone, zoomed to safety.

Ignoring a flurry of protests from surprised Cabinet members, General Charles de Gaulle last week announced the award of the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor to a snappish longtime critic of French politics in Algeria: sad-eyed, freewheeling Roman Catholic Novelist François (Thérèse) Mauriac, Commented Mauriac later: "What De Gaulle approves of is our concern with the maintenance or restoration, among the peoples of our former empire, of the image of the liberal France, the most humane of all nations.'

Less than a year away from possible freedom, skinny, bespectacled Physicist Klaus Fuchs, 46, jailed in 1950 for dealing British atomic secrets to the Russians, made it clear that red is still his favorite hue. To a London Daily Expressman, "convinced Marxist" Fuchs gingerly admitted that "I can't now accept everything they do and say," e.g., the Hungarian revolt, nonetheless planned for himself a home in Leipzig, East Germany, where his father lives. Unchanged was Spy Fuchs's self-estimate: "I am a rebel. I always wanted to rebel, to speak out against anything I think is not right."

* Also medaled: Contralto Morion Anderso Treasury Secretary Robert B. Anderson and Dr. James R. Killian Jr., Special Assistant to the President for Science and Technology.



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THE PRESS

News on the Editorial Pages

In Virginia last week readers of the state's most influential newspapers found the biggest news in weeks on the editorial pages, Long advocates of "massive resistance" to school integration, Richmond's Times-Dispated and News Loeden had decided that the commonwealth's maze of pro-segregation laws was foredomed to failure. Editor Virginius Dahney's Times-Dispated (or an assembly commission to think up new defensive tactics, News Loader year talked about the possibility of limited, local-option integration, When the Norfolk Ledge-Dispated into, When the Norfolk Ledge-Dispated in Norfol

like a Rover Boy, looks like the early Skeezix with his upswept look of hair, and is easily Europe's most popular comicstrip character. French children once named him their favorite hero in a magasine poll, gave him nearly three times as many votes as Napoleon. Compared to U.S. characters. Tintin has a close kinship to Little Orphan Annie in his compared to the control of the control of the rough. Tintin has undeveloped eyes, e.g., she has circles but no dots; he has dots but no circles.

Tintin (pronounced roughly: Tantan) has been scotching evil since 1929, now appears in dozens of papers and magazines across Europe. A Tintin comic book sells

get even with those s.o.b.s if I ever met any again. I hate all military paraphernalia, blustering ex-servicemen wearing medals, and by extension, every kind of cripple, however blameless."

Sinés ire is not reserved for the military and cripples; he aims his pen at all society. "People are stupid. They are bourgeois and conservative, and that burns me. I can't stand it. So I do my best to burn them." He betrays an almost normal streak in a strip of hula hooping (see cut) and in his droll The French Cat, a series of carroons based on or built around elaborate puns on chat, e.g., chat continue and the continue of the continue of the reservation of the continue of the continue of the decoration is a magnificated cut on a platein not hide the man who gets inspiration by decorating his cluttered workroom with a picture of a legless ex-serviceman being



SINÉ'S HULA HOOPERS

Also the wife who eats her husband's brains after dicing his skull.

& Star also backed away from massive 250,000 copies a week; Tintin hard-cover held at al.

resistance, all the state's major newspapers were on the record for a more moderate approach.

As if on cue, Governor J. Lindsay Almond Jr. (Time, Sept. 22) announced that if federal courts ruled against the

statewide massive resistance system. which automatically closes schools before they can be integrated, he would name a commission "for the purpose of counsel and advice." Although Senator Harry Byrd, the creator of massive resistance and the commonwealth's political boss, publicly proclaimed that he would continue to fight on the old grounds, there was little doubt that the news on the editorial pages heralded a strategic retreat in Richmond toward token compliance with the U.S. Supreme Court's integration decrees. The import was not lost on the segregationists who sent News Leader Editor Kilpatrick, the most articulate spokesman for the diehard segregationists, a bitter, one-sentence telegram: "Et tu, Brute?"

Sweetness & Blight

Both cartoonists have hordes of loyal fans; both draw moonfaced characters; both go by a single name. There ends the resemblance between Belgium's Hergé and France's Siné, two of Europe's finest cartoonists. To win an audience, Hergé sees mostly the sweetness, Siné sees mostly the ty the blight.

ly the blight.

Ingenuous, Ingenious. Hergé's sunny creation is an ingenuous, ingenious teenage adventurer named Tintin, who acts

250,000 copies a week; Tintin hard-cover book sales have reached 8,000,000. French stores sell Tintin soap, underwear and pajamas; 16-ft-high heads of the boy and his dog disconcertingly survey Brussels from the top of a nine-story building built by Hergé's publisher.

unit of refere s points et al. 20 stirring are l'initis wholesome feats. So stirring are l'initis wholesome feats that the stirring prestry the stirring source of the stirring source

War I.

Gallery of Horrors. In startling contrast to the sweetness of Tintin are the cartoons in the Paris weekly L'Express
by Siné (real name: Maurice Sinet), 29, France's highest-paid freelance artist (posters, stage ests, animated ads), Siné's

more innocent drawings include murders
—a wife eating her husband's brains after
dicing his skull like a melon. His really
mordant streak is reserved for legless
cripples who leave their carts outside
Moslem temples beside the shoes of other
visitors and boy scouts who thumb rides
from Christ as he walks with his cross.

How Siné got this way not even Siné can fully explain. But some of his spleen seemingly stems from his year in the army. He was a military misfit, spent months in jail. When he got out, Siné was fighting mad. "I took up judo to held at attention by two policemen for La Marseillaise.

The simultaneous success of the lighthearted Hergé and the blight-hearted Siné proves that the public will take its cartoons sweet or sharp—if the cartoonist is clever enough.

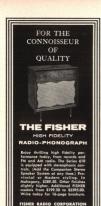
Plain English at French Lick

duly runs through so many dreary assembled prides of Lious, lumber dealers, plumbers and Jaycess, newsmen usually make indifferent conventioners. Faced with a gathering of their own clan, they either ignore it or show up reluctantly, prepared to sit out the interminable sessions in bored and unresponsive silence. Last week's silver anniversary convention of the Associated Press Managing Editors Association at French Lick. Ind. was no exception, but before the session was over, exception, but before the session was over, about themselves. Items:

time Boston Globe reporter, flatly charged that daily journalism has degenerated into a "holding operation, and not holding everywhere [in an] era of broadcasting." If the problem of the metropolitan press is not television, argued J. Edward Murray, managing editor of the afternoon Los Angeles Mirror News, but a rising competition for both readership and ad-

vertising from the suburban press.

¶ From a surprising source—Jack Patterson, circulation manager of the Washington Post and Times Herald—came an



FOOL MISTAKES WERE KEEPING ME BROKE

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indictment of editorial vulnerability to pressure from advertisers. He cited the case of "one of the nation's largest newssuppers" whose publisher, fielding an advertiser's request that a certain story be dropped, killed the story promptly. "If this happened on the Post," said Patterson, "the story would probably have been moved from an obscure location to the front page." To which Los Angeles' Murray retorted: "That would be just as wrong as killing the story."

Circulation Manager Patterson also warned that the growth of the daily press is not pacing the growth of the country. Since 1950, he said, morning papers have registered a 10% circulation increase, afternoon papers 8%, against an increase of 5% in the number of U.S. households. ¶ Foreign news reporting, said Ed Stone of the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, "is dull and sterile for the most part. We're not reporting on the people out where the people are . . . Hard news has come to mean hard to digest, hard to read and hard to get anybody to understand. I submit that foreign news is becoming local news, and unless we wake up to that fact, we're living in a dream world of the past-

Talking in the Mirror

"Ich verschie die Deutschem" ("I despise the Germans"), reads the caption beneath the photo of London Daily Mirror Columnist William Neil Connor on the cover of last week's Der Spiezel (circ. 55,0000). West Germany's brisk, brash newsmagazine. Inside, in a ten-column question-and-answer interview headlined STICK THE CERMANS IN THE REFERICEA-TOR! Columnist Connor—"Cassandra" to the Mirror's 4,658,793 readers—expanded his theme:

Q. Does that mean you despise all Germans?

A. No, I despise the nation from which you sprang. [My contempt] also manifests itself in a distaste for all things which are German, and things which occur in the country.

Q. Would that extend to German mu-

A. No, not German music. It does not extend to the technical skill with which you produce things like Mercedes-Benz

cars. Such bile leaks freely from the pen of Cassandra, whose reigning creative climate is the icy winter of discontent. In 20 splenetic years on the Mirror he has hissed a steady, indiscriminate choler, spraying such targets as physicians "smooth, lying inefficiency") and dogs ("Man's Best Friend is a fake and a fraud"). A seething Germanophobe, he took the occasion of West German President Theodor Heuss's recent cool reception in England (TIME, Nov. 3) to prick the Germans with his needle quill: "All I want of them is to wait for a generation to pass before they come sidling up to us saving it was all just a big mistake."

But why did *Der Spiegel* give its cover and ten inside pages to such an irascible foe? The answer is as plain as the chip on *Der Spiegel's* shoulder. Like last week's guest, Der Spiegel rejoices in the immoderate attack, has soared to success partly on the objective of calculated, fish-picking, journalistic cusselness. "Our formula," said Chief Editor Hans Detlev Becker, explaining Der Spiegel's Q-and-A interview policy, "is deliberately aggressive. We want to provoke a clash of opinions." Der Spiegel got what it wanted: angry letters from 200 readers.

Until Death . . .

In 1932 George W. Spayth scrapped a career as an editorial and features cartonist (Milwaukee News, Washington Times, Houston Chronicle), borrowed \$1,500 on an insurance policy, and started a weekly in Dunellen, N.J. With a fancy



EDITOR SPAYTH
"Wanted—a sucker like I was."

for hard work and a flair for the outlandish, Publisher Spayth has doggedly built his investment into three small Jersey weeklies and a shopping-news, this year will gross some \$80.000

will gross some \$80,000. For his tidy empire, Spayth has no heir apparent. His only son wants to stay in the drug business; his only daughter has a family to raise. Last week, at 66, Spayth was hunting for a successor with a characteristically flip and frank tactic. WANTED-A SUCKER LIKE I WAS, read his want ad in the Publishers' Auxiliary, a Chicago trade paper. Spayth's scheme: to hire someone willing to work as hard as he does, in return for a regular salary plus weekly IOUs that would be converted into a down payment on the paper. Spayth's condition: "The closing of title to take place 24 hours after my carcass cools off, with the balance due being secured by first mortgage in favor of my heirs, who do not want on a platinum platter what I hacked out the hard way."

At week's end Spayth's candid appeal had attracted a couple of dozen queries from young newsmen willing to wait as well as work for their future.



Western Pacific

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EDUCATION

Smith's Next

Evebrows of Vale alumni rose last week like mugs at Mory's; Smith College, prestigious college for young women, had just announced that its next president would be Thomas Corwin Mendenhall II. A 48year-old associate professor and master of Yale's Berkeley College, Mendenhall is Yale-famed for his classes in maritime and English history, admired for the pungent certitude with which he expresses himself and for his imaginatively disreputable wardrobe, A huge (6 ft. 2 in., 200 lbs.), slightly stooped man who is bald but manages to look shaggy in spite of it. he ambles into class apparently costumed to stalk moose, was once accused by Yale President A. Whitney Griswold, when they were both young instructors, of aging his sport coats in a manure pile. He has been known, on a winter day, to wear a neckpiece of red flannel underwear.

Tweed & Patches. Teacher Mendenhall is proprietor of the most disorderly office at Yale: at his study, drifted ceilinghigh with books in imminent danger of avalanche, one student appeared, asked for an examination paper, got it only after Mendenhall fished it from under a corner of the rug. But Mendenhall's molting-bear disguise hides a man who is no organization-flouting rebel. Since he joined the faculty as a young instructor in 1037he graduated from the college in 1932, spent three years at Oxford as a Rhodes scholar-the tweed-and-patches professor has risen rapidly, proved to be an adept at faculty-meeting strategy, Masters of Yale's ten residential colleges are among the university's most respected faculty members; Mendenhall became master of Berkeley in 1949, soon won the loyalty of Berkeley undergraduates, Last year he became director of the Office of Teacher



PRESIDENT-ELECT MENDENHALL Imaginatively disheveled.

Training program, under which Yalemen and Vassar and Smith undergraduates study in the Yale Graduate School.

Known primarily as classroom teacher, Mendenhall is not a prolife publisher. One of his big contributions to Yale's history department: development (along with his colleagues) of the "problem control of the problem of the problem, fed to one class of reshmen; was the famous mor de Combronne that French General Pierre Cambronne uttered heart hee do for the Battle of Waterloo really "The old guard dies, "Weded"? "He rosh dufffully turned up "Weded"? "In Frosh dufffully turned up

evidence to back both mots. Rowing & Croquet. The outsized history prof was headed for Smith College before he was born; according to family legend his pediatrician mother (class of 'os) entered him antenatally. Among his qualifications for running the school: he is the father of three daughters (the eldest is a Bryn Mawr freshman). Among Yalemen, there seems some reason to believe that Mendenhall will modify his wardrobe before journeying to Smith next July, perhaps holding a ceremonial bonfire for the professorial rags on Berkeley lawn. At any rate, publicity pictures passed out by the women's college show him in a neat suit, with matching yest. It is even possible that Yale's pride may come to rival that tennis-playing smoothie among women's college presidents, Harold Taylor of Sarah Lawrence, Mendenhall's favorite sport is rowing-he rowed at Oxford, watches Vale crew practice in all weather-but he has perfected a crushing game of croquet at Berkeley. Students there are agitated about his departure, Picket sign carried last week by one Yalie: "Take us with you, leader."



Quite a different sort of academic executive was Ada Louise Comstock, first fulltime president of Radcliffe College, who ruled the school with firmness and state of the resident of the resident of the control of the

The Raddiffe that Ada Louise Comstock took over in 1923 was something of a makeshift institution. In 1870 a compression Charles W. Elliot feel Harvard to hire Harvard professors to teach young ladies. The ladies got their permission and hired their profs—and also female chapladies. The ladies got their permission and hired their profs—and also female chapladies. The ladies got their permission and hired their profs—and also female chapter than the proper display that the stock, but until the last year of her reign, see still had to lure Harvard faculty members each year to teach part time old Harvards, gave malicious delight to old Harvards, gave malicious delight to



FORMER PRESIDENT COMSTOCK
Pleasantly firm.

their Yale and Princeton acquaintances by negotiating the deal that allowed Radcliffe girls to attend Harvard classes, in effect brought coeducation to both schools.

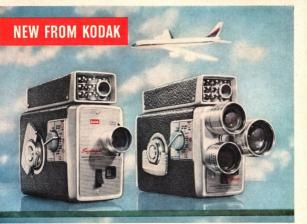
Last week, the former president spoke with warmth of "two convictions which never failed me—that the foundation principle on which Radcilife was built was solid as rock, and that no college could be happier in those who served and supported and believed in her." Few would deny that chief among those who served is Ada Comstock Notestein.

Moderates' Defeat

After three worsening years of actimoyan dilitigation, the five moderate members of the Little Rock school board sergeationists who believe in complying with Federal law—last week resigned in a mood of "utter hopelessness, helplessness and frustration." Left as the board's ole temaining member. Superner Courtsole temaining member 1. Superner Courtwing was a larger triumph a fortnight ago, when he captured the House of Representatives' seat of Moderate Congressman Brooks Hays on a write-in vot

Quietly, Board President Wayne Upton told why the five members gave up: "We were tired of being Governor Orval Faubus' whipping boys. He had used us to win or help win three elections. Our integration plan would have worked if it hadn't been for political interference. Out along with the rest of the board: School Superintendent Virgil T. Blossom. Before quitting, the board voted over Alford's objection to dismiss Blossom, pay him \$19,741.41 for the remaining 19 months of his contract. But by week's end the segregationist machinery had produced a taxpaver's suit charging collusion. postponed payment.

Little Rock will choose a new school



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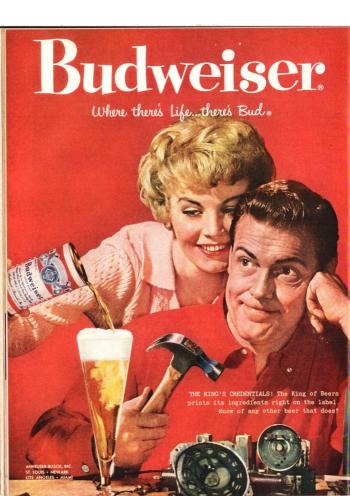


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REPORTER ALLEN AT WORK*

Before waking the boy, remember that he may have a hangover,

board Dec. 6. Wrote the resigning members pointedly: "This election will give the voters ... their first opportunity to express a clear-cut choice as to whether we have public schools in Little Rock or termination of the education of so many of Little Rock's children ... Somewhere in their consideration of the matters involved, all citizens of this community begins with them."

By week's end, a move to replace the resigned members with six of the town's leading bankers fazzled when the bankers politicly declined. For a while it seemed of the politic politic politic politic politic politic but before the deadline, 13 citizens, most of them known segregationists, filled for the six posts. Facing the new board after its election: a ruling last week by the Eighth Circuit Court of Appeals orderresponse to the politic politic politic politic politics.

Undercover Teacher

With sure instinct for a good story, the editors of the New York World-Telegram and Sun last winter handed Reporter George N. Allen a fat assignment; get the inside dope on one of New York City's problem schools by masquerading as a teacher. Last week, after two months of teaching, Allen began his series. His school: Brooklyn's John Marshall Junior High, which became the month of hoodlum invasions, assaults and an alleged knife-point rape in a school basement ended in the suicide of Principal George Goldfard (TIML, Feb. 1967).

Reporter Allen's story is a shocker. Some of the things that strike a new teacher at John Marshall: a fulltime po-keeman inside the building; a teacher patrolling each corridor; students' coats locked up each morning so children will be less likely to run away from school; girls sent to the lavatory two-ly-two so that they will not be attacked sexually. Allen taught English to "average" eighthings and the service of the se

graders and two classes of ninth-graders euphemistically called "slow learners."

Their IOs: 60 to 90.

One fout in the ninth-grade "adjustment class" threatened to "is." Allen for waking him up in class. Other teachers called the boy psychotic; one predicted: We hope to God it isn't a teacher." Said the dean of boys: "You should stop and consider the boy's condition before you wake him. Some of these kids stay out all night on benders and need the sleep the breathless outrage chronic in newspaper exposes, Allen wrote: "I was stunned. Was this a jumor high school or a sober-

ing-up tank for juvenile drunkards?"

By the beginning of this week, breathless or not, Allen's to-be-continued series had made some solid points:

¶ "Many students there don't have the emotional stability, the mental capacity or the desire for academic learning." ¶ "Much of the classroom instruction is a farce, based on a philosophy that aims at 'just keeping them quiet."

¶ "There is open defiance in the classrooms . . Teacher morale is low . . . Teachers have been threatened with physical violence by students."

"Most telling point: "The training in education I was required to take for my New York City teaching license was of little practical value." Allen, a journalism school graduate, had had enough English and writing courses to get a license after taking three education courses at Teacher College, Columbia University. At Course of the Columbia University. At Course of the Course of

He adds: "Ints phrase seemed funny to me then, but it seems tragic to me now." Would Allen ever consider teaching again as a career? Last week, between articles, he said: "No; it's much too tough for me."

* His paper masked the pupils' faces.

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Ajax, first of the Nike family, made history in tests when, without an active warhead, it scored a direct hit on a drone bomber. Nike Hercules, its potent successor, has proved longer-range accuracy against target



SECRET

(America's first anti-missile missile, picture and details classified)

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missiles and jets - has joined Ajax on active duty.

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MUSIC

Artur & the Dragons

The cartoon in the Chicago Sun showed Artur Rodzinski sailing high over the Chicago skyline astride a musical note. His grey mane streamed in the wind; one hand clutched a baton. Above his smiling face loomed a defiant caption: "I shall return."

That was ten years ago. Last week Conductor Rodzinski, 64, was back in Chicago



CONDUCTOR RODZINSKI
Wagner with a shot of vodka.

for the first time since his abrupt dismissal as bos of the Chicago Symphony. He came this time at the invitation of the Chicago Lyric Opera to conduct three performances each of Triston und Isolde and Boris Godinov. In the process he demonhim a legend with Chicago audiences a decade ago—but also flashes of the erratic temperament that had antagonized stiffnecked symphony board members.

Rodzinski opened his return visit with a performance of Tristan and promptly scored a triumph that recalled his now legendary performance of the same work with Kirsten Flagstad and the Chicago Symphony eleven years ago. This time Rodzinski was hampered by scant rehearsal time and by the fact that the Lyric Opera's orchestra is a competent but far from first-rate pickup group. But he kindled a performance of ravishing warmth and coloration, better by far than anything previously heard from the Lyric Opera's pit. With Soprano Birgit Nilsson as Isolde, Tenor Karl Liebl as Tristan, and Mezzo Grace Hoffman as Brangaene, Rodzinski shaped a youthfully vibrant production, as remarkable for its knotted dramatic tensions as it was for its moments of shadowed repose.

Backstage, Rodzinski tossed off a shot

of vodka ("I want to go out and get drunk!"), glowed about the undiminished loyalty of Chicago audiences. He still thought Chicago should be the cultural center of the U.S. (his ambitious cam paign to extend the symphony to include opera performances was one of the reasons for his firing). But he denied any desire to exchange his present existence as a freelance conductor in Italy for a steady post in Chicago or anywhere else. Said he 'I wouldn't accept a permanent job if they offered it on a golden plate lined to let them sleep quietly, all those conductors in America with the Fafnir and Fasolt mentality, those dragons that worship gold."

and a week's end Rodrinski abandoned his air of detached tolerance for a role more familiar to the Chicago fans. Down with a heavy cold. Rodrinski anounced that on doctor's orders he was forced to cancel the first performance of Boris Godunov (which probably means that he will cancel all three). "You know why he needs all those when the second of the second of the property of the

Buffo Requiem

Domenico Cimarosa was a fast and witty writer of Italian opera who cranked out some 65 works in a comparatively short lifetime (he died at 51). The only one that survives is No. 49—a comic opera titled II Martinonio Segreto, which pleased Austria's Emperor Leopled II so a repeat of the entire score as an encore. Last week Manhattan concertgoers turned out to sample another side of Cimarosa's musical personality. The occasion: the first known public performance of a requiem Mass written by Cimarosa in Russia in 1788 and since then stored away in a pri-

The Requiem proved to be a long, elaborately orchestrated work, so sprightly that it seemed better suited to a festival than a funeral. The choral parts suggest passion rather than piety; the orchestra skips and trips along with a fine comic invention. The work is at its most exuberant in the solo parts, which are as warmly melodic as the love songs of Italian street singers. Many an Italian requiem, including Verdi's, is shot through with operatic overtones, but Cimarosa's work verges on opera so closely that it requires only the substitution of a bedroom plot to move intact to the stage. Not a major work, it was nevertheless a musical find that richly deserved a hearing.

The credit for digging it up belongs to Conductor-Musicologist Newell Jenkins, 43, who has long had a passion for uncarthing little-known works of the 18th century. Last season Jenkins launched a series of what he called Clarion Concerts at which he presented the fruits of a dusty three-year search through the libraries and conservatories of Europe. To Jen

kins' own surprise, Clarion Concerts was a rousing success at the box office. Before Forense the Construction of Construct

Beat Symphonist?

Are young U.S. composers, like poets and novelists, turning beat? The New York Times's Howard Taubman suggested the question last week in commenting on the New York première of Symphony No. 1 by 25-year-old Indianapolis-born Easley Blackwood, The work's jaded tone, said Critic Taubman, marked it as "a reflection

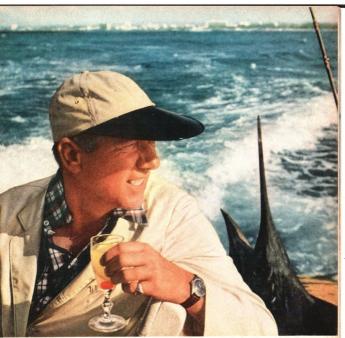
of the beat generation."
Blackwood scomposition, performed by
Charles Munch and the Boston Symphony, was grave, withdrawn, and emotionally muted to a kind of rasping, wearied monotone. It nevertheles revealed
Blackwood as a skilled technician and a
mer of a recording project price last season, the symphony will be released commercially by ReCA Victor.

The son of Bridge Expert Easley Blackwood, father of the Blackwood four-no-



Composer Blackwood Boulanger with a jaded beat.

trump convention, Composer Blackwood studied at Vale under Paul Hindemith, moved on to Paris, where he became a student of Nadia Boulanger, for 35 years the musical nanny of top U.S. composers (TDME, Sept. 30, 1957). Now an instructor in the music department at the University of Chicago, Blackwood insists that his composition has no direct connection he regard hinself as beat? "Anybody looking at my picture," says Blackwood, "could tell that I am not."



Paul Bonner, returning in triumph to San Juan Photograph by Tom Hollyman.

"Puerto Rico gave me my first blue marlin and my first taste of dry rum. I couldn't wait to tell Greenwich about it."

"It is a tradition in Puerto Rico to toast a billfish in rum," says Paul Hyde Bonner, Jr., of Greenwich.

"After the battle, I was given a rum sour. The rum of Puerto Rico was a revelation. Bright. Clear. Brilliant. And, above all. dry.

"I reported my discovery to my friends back home in Greenwich and now the whole town is going wild over rum.

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an infinite variety of drinks. Daiquiris, rum highballs, rum punches, rum and tonic.

"The dry rum of Puerto Rico even passes the supreme test. It's terrific on the rocks."

Rum Sour Recipe: 1½ oz. Puerto Rican rum, juice of 1 lemon, 1 teaspoon sugar. Shake well with ice and strain into Sour glass. Add orange slice, cherry. For free rum recipes, write: Rums of Puerto Rico, Dept. T-6, 666 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N.Y.





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down the hump in the center of the floor; the man in the middle doesn't sit with his chin on his knees (as he does in other 1959 cars).

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CYANAMID

SCIENCE

The Megasecret MOLE

No weapons system has been more heavily guarded than the MOLE (Molecular Orbiting Low-Level Explorer). First hint of its existence came last spring when a Washington-datelined story in Electronic News reported that the Pentagon "is becoming heavily committed" to a radically new weapons system, added: "The MOLE should put an end to war. No location on earth will be secure from the MOLE." Later stories reported that 1) a special new agency (Subterranean Exploration Agency-SEA) had been set



MONAHAN & WEAPON Dig that crazy sinking site.

up to handle the new weapon and 2) the prime contract had been awarded to Accuracy Inc. of Waltham, Mass, Accuracy Inc., said the reports, was letting subcontracts for the MOLE's propulsion system ("an atomic engine energized by the molecular disintegration of whatever element it traverses") and its molizing system (a special reverse cone which pulls the dirt in after the missile so that its path cannot be tracked from the air). On Aug. 4, the MOLE was successfully fired from its sinking site in Death Valley. It went into orbit at "depths variously reported as from a few inches to 60,000 ft." Two weeks later a senatorial committee clamped on the MOLE the megasecret classification of DBR (Destroy Before Reading)

Last week Andrew Monahan, marketing consultant for Accuracy Inc., stood up before a Boston meeting of the American Marketing Association and told the whole story: the MOLE was an elaborate hoax. Accuracy Inc. is a small firm that

manufactures precision potentiometers small electrical measuring devices (known in the trade as pots) that are used in electronic systems. Such firms have an advertising problem. Since their products are used chiefly in highly classified projects they can do little public boasting. Since their customers are only a handful of procurement officers in the Pentagon or a few specialized firms, money spent on ordinary advertising is largely wasted. So Monahan seized on the MOLE as a means of spreading the name of Accuracy Inc. throughout the electronics industry, "Oddly enough," he says, "people believed it. It has never ceased to amaze us that

people would believe this fantastic story.' But believe it they did. Among letters from hep engineers who realized that MOLE was a gag were many serious letters seeking information, asking for subcontracts, or jobs on Project MOLE. Eager enthusiasts called by phone. "They wouldn't let us explain what was going on," says Monahan helplessly. "They'd make sure they'd got the right company. and then go into their sales pitch." One company insisted on being hired to build the launching pad (or sinking site). "One thing it proves," says Monahan, "is that engineers can be awfully gullible. One reason we did this was to lampoon the engineers. I don't think anybody can be more pompous than the engineers who are saving mankind."

Space Rescue

Dogs, cats, monkeys and rats may be sent up in space vehicles with no hope of safe return. But in the Western world, at least, a human sent into space must have a reasonable chance to get back in fair condition. At the Air Force's invitation, scientists gathered last week in San Antonio for the second international symposium on space problems, and took a hard look at that "reasonable chance."

Veteran Test Pilot Robert M. Stanley of the Stanley Aviation Corp. (makers of airplane subassemblies) tackled the easy end of the problem: how to get the crew down to earth alive if their vehicle misbehaves on launching or while it is still in the atmosphere. The men will be in the nose of the ship, perched above a vast amount of explosive, corrosive, poisonous fuel. If the first-stage engines misfire, the crew will have to be shot away from the ship "with extreme promptness and at high velocity to a considerable distance." This means that the cabin must be instantly detachable and must have some sort of propulsion as well as a quick-opening parachute to bring it soft-

Nothing but Eloquence, If a mishap occurs at altitudes higher than 20 miles. no ordinary escape capsule is likely to survive the heat and shock of return to the lower atmosphere. Besides a parachute, it should have wings of a sort, plus rocket propulsion so that the crew can choose a reasonably favorable part of the

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earth to land on. Except for trying to hit Kansas instead of Antarctica, the crew should be able to leave everything else to automatic devicing. "About all that is expected of them." said Stanley, "is that they return to earth alive and express with eloquence their reactions to space flight."

When the spaceship has climbed above the atmosphere and is in orbit or on an interplanetary course, mishaps are still possible. Krafft A. Ehricke of Convair's Astronautics Division suggested that spaceships should be provided with "secondary whickes"—space lifeboats that will could pull away from the main ship and either return to earth or call for a rescue marty.

Cluttered Space, Norman V. Petersen of Lockheed Aircraft Corp. pointed out that as the space age develops, the vicinity of the earth will be thick with space-borne hardware, Circling above the atmosphere will be many kinds of satellites, including weather monitors, communication stations and staging bases for deep-space expeditions. Such crowded conditions aloft, thinks Petersen, will call for elaborate rescue bases on the earth below. The rescue ships, analogous to the hardy boats that the Coast Guard launches into stormy seas, will have to take off almost instantly on getting an S O S-from a satellite whose orbit is drooping into the fringe of the earth's atmosphere, from a spaceship whose pressure or oxygen system is failing. They will have to be fast and highly maneuverable, and they will need to carry a great deal of fuel to reach the orbit of the satellite in distress. They should be supplemented by special satellites patrolling space at various levels like so many space-going Coast Guard cutters. When a satellite crew calls for help, the appropriate patrol ship can send a life craft with supplies, or to take the crew aboard. Or, if the orbit of a satellite is shifting dangerously across the path of another and threatening a collision that would destroy both in a bloom of incandescent vapor, the rescue craft can nudge one of them gently to a safer course.

Such problems are not as remote as even science fictionists think. Last week the magazine Missiles and Rockets reported that NASA (National Aeronautics and Space Administration) is already calling for bids on a manned satellite capsule that will give its occupant a reasonable chance of walking the earth again, Specifications call for many of the features outlined by the scientists at San Antonio. The capsule is to be equipped with downward-firing rockets that will lift the capsule free in case of launching-pad failure. If the capsule reaches an orbit and has circled the earth for a while, its speed will be reduced for re-entry by retrorockets firing ahead. The final touchdown will be by parachute. Supplies will keep the occupant alive until rescuers reach him. Apparently all controls will be automatic; the capsule will be designed to make a safe landing even though the "crew" is a dummy or a chimpanzee.

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TIME, NOVEMBER 24, 1958



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RELIGION

The Bishops Speak

Continuing the longstanding opposition of the Roman Catholic Church to segregation, 210 of the U.S.'s 220 Catholic bishops met in Washington, D.C. last week, issued a tough statement on why and how segregation offends against morality and Christianity.

"Responsible and sober-minded Ameri-

cans of all religious faiths, in all areas of our land," said the bishops, must "seize the mantle of leadership from the agitator and the racist . . . Legal segregation, or any form of compulsory segregation, in itself and by its very nature imposes a stigma of inferiority upon the segregated people. Even if the now obsolete Court doctrine of 'separate but equal' had been carried out to the fullest extent, so that all public and semipublic facilities were in fact equal, there is nonetheless the judgment that an entire race . . . is not fit to associate on equal terms with members of another race. We cannot reconcile such a judgment with the Christian view of man's nature and rights.

The bishops conceded that the racial problem in the U.S. is rooted in "decades, even centuries, of custom" and that changes in such attitudes are not made overnight. They deplored "a gradualism that is merely a cloak for inaction," as well as "rash impetuosity." But "it is vital that we act now and act decisively. All must act quietly, courageously and prayerfully before it is too late. For the welfare of our nation we call upon all to root out from their hearts bitterness and hatred. The tasks we face are indeed difficult. But hearts inspired by Christian love will surmount these difficulties.

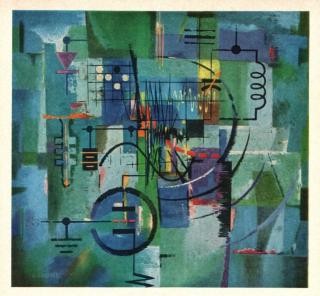
Meeting in Cincinnati, the Council of Bishops of the Methodist Church reaffirmed its support of the Supreme Court decision of 1954 against racial segregation in public schools. "We heartily commend," said the bishops, "those lay people, pastors and bishops who have demonstrated Christian courage in critical areas.

The Methodist bishops also pointed out that the emergency under which the about-to-expire Selective Service Act was made law in 1940 "has long since ceased to exist," and recommended "a careful restudy before taking any measures to enact a universal draft law, which seems to be unnecessary as well as ineffective."

The Christian Diinni

Attia Hassanein, 38, of Cairo, looked bad and felt worse last week. He had medicine from doctors, but it did him no good, and he was not surprised. For it was obvious to Attia, his wife and three children that the diinn had him again.

Djinn populated the Arabic world long before the coming of the Prophet, and in fact Mohammed recognized their existence in the Koran. Allah created them of smokeless flame, whereas he made man and angels of clay and light; they are



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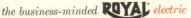
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"Responsible and sober-minded Americans of all religious faiths, in all areas of our land," said the bishops, must "seize the mantle of leadership from the agitator and the racist . . . Legal segregation, or any form of compulsory segregation, in itself and by its very nature imposes a stigma of inferiority upon the segregated people. Even if the now obsolete Court doctrine of 'separate but equal' had been carried out to the fullest extent, so that all public and semipublic facilities were in fact equal, there is nonetheless the judgment that an entire race . . . is not fit to associate on equal terms with members of another race. We cannot reconcile such a judgment with the Christian view of man's nature and rights.

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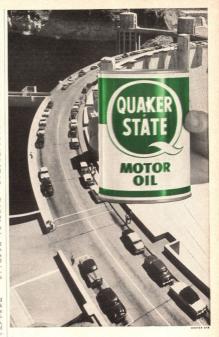
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Licensed Beverages

One thousand saloonkeepers lifted grateful faces in Atlantic City last week to hear a good word from a minister. The Rev. John Fuller Mangrum, fo, of St. Edward's Episcopal Church in Mount Dora, Talional Licensed Beverage Association that they should not tolerate being treated as "second-class human beings" by the both ches in the grip of "puritainsim."

"Qui being ashamed and embarrassed," he said. "Don't hide behind the scorn of the professional 'drys." You have let them shrink you into a gigantic inferiority complex." Pastor Mangrum, who knows his Skid Row parth in Detroit, 10d the taxern owners to join churches and work with community organizations. "If one denomination does not have need of you, except when it wants back-door contribution." You will find that the traditional Christian groups want you and need you."



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Top Ten

In a less-than-superhuman season, more impressive by the dozen.

SPORT

injuries, yet is notably detached for a bigtime star. Says Austin: "At Rutgers football has been a part of college, not college a part of football. I wouldn't have wanted

With Bowl selection committees studying form charts and showing up at key games around the U.S., a whole lot of candidates could not stand the pressure, blew a good share of their hopes in a series of big upsets. Rice could not stop downtrodden (3-5) Texas A. & M., took a 28-21 licking that dimmed its Cotton Bowl hopes. Southern Methodist, another Cotton Bowl candidate, lost to anemic (2-6) Arkansas 13-6. Pittsburgh fell out of the postseason picture by losing 14-6 to a Nebraska team that had dropped five straight. Georgia Tech's prospects were punctured by Alabama 17-8. Overrated Mississippi blew an 18-16 decision to punchless Tennessee. Holy Cross, rated tops in New England, took a fearsome 32-0 shellacking from Penn State, and Rutgers (with Bill Austin injured) had its hopes for its first unbeaten season in history smashed by the Quantico Marines 13-12. TIME's Top Ten:

1) Louisiana State (9-0)-but not by much after being forced to come from behind to edge unheralded Mississippi State 7-6.

2) lowa (6-1-1)-yielded its top rank with a letdown after clinching the Rose Bowl bid, lost to aroused Ohio State

3) Army (7-0-1)-steam-rolled over Villanova 26-0 as Captain Pete Dawkins caught a pass for one touchdown, slashed 5 yds. for another, ran back a punt for

4) Wisconsin (6-1-1)-neatly dumped Illinois 31-12. 5) Purdue (6-1-1)-better every week,

flattened Northwestern 23-6. 6) Oklahoma (7-1)-clinched a date in the Orange Bowl by walloping Mis-

souri 39-0 7) Auburn (7-0-1)—still plodding along, methodically conquered Georgia

8) Ohio State (5-1-2)-finally got its crunching ground game going against Iowa. 9) Air Force Academy (7-0-1)—re-mained a prime Bowl candidate with a solid 21-6 triumph over rugged Wyoming. 10) Texas Christian (7-1)—trailed Texas 8-0 at half time but came alive with a 22-8 victory; beaten only by Iowa, should win a berth in the Cotton Bowl.

Hail the Halfbacks

Just as the season has produced no football team that towers head and shoulders above all the others, it has uncovered no single outstanding player in the tradition of Minnesota's Bronko Nagurski (1929), Michigan's Tom Harmon (1940), Ohio State's Hopalong Cassady (1955). Instead. All-America selectors-and the pro teams-will have to choose among a large group of topflight, if not superhuman players. As always in the T formation world of

football, the congestion of good players is heavy at quarterback. Three of the year's best are California's Joe Kapp, a vicious blocker and tackler who has completed 52 of 87 passes, run for a surprising (for a quarterback) 540 yds.; Iowa's passhappy Randy Duncan (91 completions in 151 tries); and Notre Dame Newcomer George Izo, who was promoted to the first string only at midseason, has since completed 47 out of 77 passes for seven touchdowns. But 1958 may be best remembered as the year that topflight halfbacks sprang up all over the U.S. On late-season form, some who have proved themselves among the best:

Billy Connon (Louisiana State) is a shattering, run-over-them power sprinter, has gained 569 yds. against defenses specifically rigged to contain him. An adequate passer, dependable kicker and suretackling safety man, Cannon also finds time for track and field (9.5 sec. for the 100-yd. dash, 53 ft. 7 in. with the 16-lb. shot), even does some weight lifting, can press 260 lbs., dead-lift 450. Says Track and Field News: "He's either the fastest shotputter or the strongest sprinter in track annals." Says the legendary Sammy Baugh: "Well, he's as great as any back I ever laid eyes on.

Bill Austin (Rutgers) was just another promising football player when he graduated from Scotch Plains (N.J.) high school, but blossomed under the Rutgers single wing into a one-man wrecking crew. Apparently nothing more than a straightaway runner, he has deceptive change of pace, is the nation's second leading major college scorer (72 points), has gained 663 vds, rushing, 284 more passing, despite

it any other way. Pete Dawkins (Army) is something

more than a fine halfback. He is captain of the team, first captain of the cadet corps, president and seventh-ranking scholar of his class, hockey defenseman and musician (he plays four instruments). In Army's new wide-open offense, Dawkins specializes in slashing runs to the weak side, is the team's top pass receiver and the nation's leading scorer (74

Bob Anderson (Army) teams with Dawkins to give Army the year's most devastating halfback combination. On All-America last year and a better all-round player than Dawkins, Anderson shows powerful drive to the strong side, where the going is toughest, passes as well as most quarterbacks, blocks and tackles with fierce efficiency.

Dick Bass (College of the Pacific) was sought by 26 colleges before going to Pacific. A husky 189 lbs., Bass is extraordinarily nimble, cuts, dodges and weaves his way through opposing secondary like a destroyer through a minefield. Though playing on a team that has no other threat to keep opponents from ganging up on him. Bass leads major colleges in rushing yardage with 1,037 yds. Fortnight ago he had a night considered astounding even for him, snaked downfield for three touchdowns, gained 226 yds. against forewarned but nonetheless flabbergasted San Jose State.

Harlow ("Chip") Ide (Williams) has averaged 8.3 yds. a carry in gaining 938 yds. Playing against small-college competition, Chip Ide's talents are virtually unknown outside New England, but Coach Len Watters says admiringly: "He's a breakaway guy who can go any distance. He's got superb balance and a fine pair of legs. He busts ahead on sheer speed. I think he's as good a back as there is in the country.

Scoreboard

¶ Delayed seven weeks by rough weather and modifications to his sleek jet hydroplane Bluebird, Speedmerchant Donald Campbell tucked a cuddly teddybear mascot into the cockpit with him, roared up

38-28.



totographed by Robert Yarnall Richle

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and down Lancashire's glassy Lake Coniston at an average speed of 248.62 m.p.h. to smash his own world record (239.07 m.p.h.), promptly declared his ultimate goals were 300 m.p.h. on water, 400 m.p.h. on land (v. the land record of 394.2 m.p.h. set at Bonneville, Utah, in 1947 by the late John Cobb).

I "Coaching football is a rotten life," said Michigan's mild-mannered Bennie Oosterbaan a couple of seasons back. "I'm on top now, and there is a lot of backslapping. But what of seasons to come? Let me lose the opener or a couple of other games next fall, and then watch how I'm blasted." An All-America end for three years running in his undergraduate days, Bennie is a gentle, unorthodox type who thinks a boy should pick a school and then play football, and this is



MICHIGAN'S ELLIOTT & OOSTERBAAN After the backslap came the blast.

contrary to recruiting doctrine these days in football's big time. This year Michigan managed only two victories (both by a single point) in its first seven games. Beset by injuries to key players and hanged in effigy by students, Bennie decided he had had enough, stepped down last week to be replaced by his backfield assistant, Chalmers ("Bump") Elliott, 33.

To the cheers of a record crowd of 40,276 at Maryland's Laurel Race Course, the U.S.'s unsung Tudor Era led for the entire mile and a half, at the finish of the \$100,000 Washington, D.C. International was apparently an easy 3½-length winner over the Australian entry Sailor's Guide. The University of Maryland band proudly played the national anthem. But the "objection" sign flashed on the tote board, and 21 agonizing minutes later Tudor Era was disqualified and Sailor's Guide named the winner. Explained Sailor's Guide Jockey Howard Grant: "Tudor Era kept riding me into the rail and I had to pull up. I said 'What is it with this cat?'" Ireland's ballyhooed favorite Ballymoss was third. The two much-publicized Russian horses never serious factors, finished sixth and



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SHOW BUSINESS

HOLLYWOOD

The Best of What?

In Hollywood to help, with the movie version of her bestelling-report on sex in the white-collar jungle, The Best of Everything (Thus, Sept. 13), 36-year-old Author Kom Lawrence, "You dream all your life of being famous," the told New York Herald Tribune Reporter Joe Wyork Herald Tribune Reporter Joe Hamms, "because you think it will solve all your problems. What happens is you all your problems. What happens is you do the word of the

"But I can now go to a party where there are beautiful girls with 40-inch bosoms, Cartier diamonds and long blonde hair, and attractive men will ignore them and pay attention to me. They want to go out with me because men want intelligent girls whom they can beat down."

a major ice show in their country before, fell for it like novices on their first pair of single-runners. Even the anti-U.S. Skanker's Weekly called it "stupendous," argued that "good American show business is worth more than guns and butter." Delhi's citizens jammed the 8,000-seat theater nightly. Among the spectators: Prime Minister Nehru.

Cool Bucks. Despite Holiday's success, one production official complains that "putting on this show in India has been more frustrating than in any other country we've ever been in." Frustration began on the docks of Bombay, where St., soo worth of lighting equipment was lightingered away, continued apace when the New Delhi arrival of Old Betsy. Holiday's 20-voin termaking compressor, was delayed ten days by a flood. Manager Carl Styder combands that themselves and the state of the

Revue (which died of atrophy two years ago). In 1939 along came the *Ice Copudas*, now the nation's largest, with two separate companies touring the U.S. (last year's gross: about \$100 million). When Minneapolis Restaurateur Morris Chalfen bought tip *Holiday Inc.* in 1945, the Big Three had successfully tied up all major U.S. ice palaces.

Chalfen commissioned an engineering company to design the progenitor of Old, Betsy, a truck-sized monster that forces a brine solution through five miles of intricate piping, can ice up a 5,000-sq.-ft. surface in a day. No longer dependent on U.S. theater dates, Iceman Chalfen sent his first troupe off to South America in 1949, another to Europe the following year, a third to the Far East in 1953. When the U.S. wanted an ice show for a July showing at the U.S. exhibit in Brussels, Holiday Inc. was ready and waiting with the same troupe that is now in India. Holiday now employs 300 skaters (the other U.S. ice shows use a total of about 280) from an apparently inexhaustible supply of eager youngsters skilled at figure eights. As long as Holiday can find replacements for skaters who suddenly decide to get married and settle in Buenos Aires, the show will skate anywhere in the world and bring its own ice.



India's Nehru with "Holiday" Skaters
Better than guns and butter.

SPECTACLES

Have Ice, Will Travel

New Delhi National Stadium bulged last week with Indian families in traditional sarris and dhotis, but that was as far stadition went. As the stage lights snapped on to illuminate a blindingly white rectangle of ice—50 ft, wide and too ft, long—bedazded spectators found themselves plumk in the middle of a late model U.S. ice show. A line of leggy chorus girls ganed across the frozen stage, chorus girls ganed across the frozen stage, and tumbled. Producer of the show: Buldway on Ice

Producer of the show: Holiday on 10e Inc., a Minneapolis outfit which has four companies touring all over the world (one in the U.S.). Indians, who had never seen gant opening-nighters tippy-toed to their seats on temporary wooden planking.

seats on temporary wooden planking. What keeps the managers of Holiday on Ice from throwing up their hands and going into the plumbing supply business is the fact that, for all its loony complications, the show turns a cool buck. Holiday Inc., grossed more than \$10 million (more than half of it overseas) with six companies last season, expects to do \$9,000,000 with five trouges this year.

Enter Old Betsy. The kind of expensive, splashy icetravaganza mounted in the mudflats of New Delhi last week was launched in 1936 when Professional Skaters Oscar Johnson and Eddie and Roy Shipstad teamed up in the Ice Follies, were followed the next year by Sonja Henie in Arthur Witr's Hollywood Ice

NIGHTCLUBS

A Gasser

The voice is pure, rich and carries the haunting, dusly legate that still echoes the New Orleans of a years ago. It growsh through the classic walls of Special Deliration of the Parks of the Special Deliration of the Special D

still as rare as a 20-carat diamond.

Even more of a rarity than its tolongs the fact that at a rare as a rarity than its tolongs than the fact that a rare as a rare

The daughter of a Detroit druggist. Barbars Dane tried "to sing open, oratorios and all that jazz" when she was just out of high school, "but I felt it just didn't fit me." Meanwhile she had mastered a few folks ones, and because "no-body else in town knew them," she soon found herself strumming and humming for the glory of organized labor: "I must have sung on every picket line the U.A.W. threw up." Even after she moved to the justy well of the up. "Even after she moved to the justy."



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occasionally found some unique ammunition, Item: a glt! "who was a little bit loony" led her in a piece called Don't Sing Love Songs, You'll Wake My Mother, which (despite its college-musical title) turned out to be an all-but-forgotten ballad sung in the Tennessee mountains for a century or two.

Barbara's throaty roar has often made critics mention her name in the same breath as Blues Singer Smith's. She has the same spine-grabbing talent of "bending" a note—bitting her target, then turning on the power as she sidles a quarter tone above or below. After Barbara appeared with Louis Armstrong at the Pasadena Jazz Festival last month, the master called an agent cross-continent and gave his own estimate; "Did you get that chick? She's a gaser."

TELEVISION

The Disgruntled Cadillacs

"What the engine is to the automobile." said M.C. David Susskind on his talkathon Open End, "the writer is to a theatrical production. Our guests tonight are seven Cadillacs, the key creators of many of TV's finest hours." The Cadillacs: Robert Alan Arthur, Paddy Chayevsky, Sumner Locke Elliott, James Lee, J. P. Miller Tad Mosel, David Shaw-almost all of whom have abandoned TV. As a producer (Du Pont Show of the Month) and the Custer of live TV drama (TIME, June 2), Susskind wanted to know why the writers had given up. Why not stay in the medium that produced Chayevsky's Marty and Arthur's A Man Is Ten Feet Tall? Their answer: because writing for stage or screen makes a man 20 feet tall-and a lot richer.

To explain the answer, the writers spent two lively, free-associating hours last week on Susskind's couch (WNTA-TV, New-art), a kind of group therapy that left them feeling sorry for themselves togeth-reasons for the decline of live TV drama:

¶ The public got bored with the sort of sicco-of-life vignetes that Chayevsky and the other "agony boys" used to turn out every month. Eventually, the boys got cir." said J. P. (Days of Wine and Roses) Miller. "Ij succouldn't stand it."

¶ The critics were too rough, flailed original dramas more harshy than run-of-the-hoof westerns. Robert Alan Arthur (Man or a Monutain Top) demounced "an in-credibly brutal dismissal" of a recent production of Joseph Conrads Heart of Durkness by the New York Times's J. P. Simple of the Conference of the Conference

More money is paid elsewhere. "I worked on a movie," said worked on a movie," said worked on a movie made exactly the compromises that I was forced to make in TV—except that I nade them for a lot more money."

Queasy sponsors want "happy shows for happy people," Lack of artistic freedom

("I'm the lost soul of you chappies")

Tanny Web

Songstress Dane Found: a voice.

drove Chayevsky to Hollywood. "I didn't make hardly any money out of the movie Marty," he rumbled. "But we had a ball and it was fun." As examples of what TV —"a malevolent jugernaut that's gonna hex me up "will no longer let him do. a woman relieving anxiety over menopause by "throwing a pass' at one of her son's friends; the emotional pattern of a man discovering that he is a homosexual how wastern with a homosexual horse." a TV western with a homosexual horse.

There were some kind words for TV, too. Conceded Bob Arthur: "TV may be



WRITER CHAYEVSKY

getting to be a medium of mediocrity, but there are still five or six wonderful hours a week. That's all I need. With more, I'd become a blithering idiot.' Concluded Susskind, addressing the disgruntled Cadillacs: "You seem to be wallowing in selfabnegation . . . As opposed to making Olympian comments, why don't you the men with a creative mark to etch do something about it?"

The Busy Air

Westerns are rustling more TViewers than ever, reported the Nielsen rating service. Latest western reading: four of the top five nighttime shows, eleven of the top 20. The roundup: Gunsmoke (37.7), Wagon Train (32.4), Danny Thomas (32.1), Have Gun, Will Travel (30.8), Wells Fargo (30.2), Desilu Playhouse (30.1), I've Got a Secret (29.5), Wyatt Earp (29.2), Ann Sothern Show (28.7), Cheyenne (28.2), Peter Gunn (27.8), Real McCoys (27.5), Rifleman (27.5), The Price Is Right (27.4), Wanted-Dead or Alive (27.3), Alfred Hitchcock Presents (27.1), Father Knows Best (27.0), General Electric Theatre (26.6), Texan (26,4), Maverick (26,3), Of the top 20, CBS has 11, ABC five, NBC four. Commanding a tempest to rage in a tank at Hollywood's Television City, Director John Frankenheimer filmed a ferocious facsimile of the flooding Mississippi River for this week's TV version (Playhouse 90) of William Faulkner's novelette Old Man. The story hurls a convict (Sterling Hayden) into the 1927 flood and tells of his heroic struggle to save a pregnant woman (Geraldine Page) before society thrusts him back in the pen with no thanks and ten years extra. Director through three days' filming without sleep, drove him past machine-gun fire, dumped him in the 168,000-gallon tank to contend with tidal waves, fog, wind, rain, floodswept houses, trees, telephone poles, cows, chickens, and a mob trying to beat him to death. His head bloodied, utterly bushed, Strong Man Hayden finally dropped Actress Page while lugging her through the flood, dislocating her back,

I Broadcasting from Hollywood-for the first time since he left movieland, unwanted and disgusted, five years ago-Tonight's Jack Paar was conquering the West Coast with some of the most wildly funny shows of his career. Paar and guests (among them: Bob Hope, Groucho Marx, Hans Conreid) splashed inspired nonsense all over the screen, Biggest splasher; muffin-faced Pianist and Professional Psychopath Oscar Levant ("On my own show I wear black tie and straitiacket"). Oscar warmly congratulated Paar-"You have the most responsive audience since Adolf Hitler in the good old days"-offered capsule analyses of a few colleagues. Eddie and Liz: "How high can you stoop?" Elsa Maxwell: "The oldest woman still sub-sisting on a scholarship." Zsa Zsa Gabor: 'Does social work among the rich." As for himself, lamented Levant: "They asked me to be on This Is Your Life, but they couldn't find one friend.'

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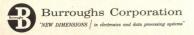
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MEDICINE

Air Attack

One day ten years ago a heavy for invaded Donor, Pac (popt , t,c,oo), was soon reinforced by smoke and dust particles from the hustling community's furnaces and fires. For almost a week, resisting the result of t

Produced at the request of Surgeon General Leroy E. Burney, the half-hour program (Public Etemy) used facts and figures collected in 20 localities to show that air pollution may hasten death. "Out of every 100,000 people living on farms and in small towns, fewer than 1.5 will due of cancers in the repiratory system." U.S. Public Health Service's Air Pollution Medical Program. But in smogrows "the

death column doubles.

death column doubles.

While air pollution is not pinpointed as the sole cause of increase in these death rates, it does add the sole of the column of the c

A National Conference on Air Pollution meets this week in Washington. Open to the public, the conference was called by Surgeon General Burney in the hope that "ten years from now, the people in every community will be breathing air that is clean and wholesome."

Way Station to Space

To help them decide what type of man should be chosen to venture into space and how he should be thosen to venture into space and how he should be trained, U.S. Air Force researchers turned to people who have been living for centuries at a way station toward space: the Indians of the High Andes. In San Antonio last week, Physiologist Robert T. Claft reported to the Second International Symposium on the Physics and Medicine of the Atmosphere and Space (see Senxec) that Authority and Space (see Senxec) that Authority and the Senxed Senxed (see Senxed) and the Authority of the Senxed Senxed (see Senxed) and the Authority of the Senxed Senxed (see Senxed) and the Authority of the Senxed Senxed (see Senxed) and the Authority of the Senxed Senxed (see Senxed) and the Authority of the Senxed Senxed (see Senxed) and the Senxed Senxed Senxed Senxed (see Senxed Senxed

At 14,900 ft, elevation, Morococha has an average atmospheric pressure (446 mm, of mercury) slightly more than half that at sea level. But its barrel-chested natives, after generations of exposure to perpetual oxygen shortage, have a lung structure and blood pattern especially adapted to extract full value from the last available whiff of oxygen (TMK, Jan. 20). They literally and habitually work like navvies with nary a huff or puff, even go to 16,000 ft. to "relax" by playing a murderously fast game of soccer.

Key Questions. Key questions for the Air Force researchers were: 1) Would this adaptation help a spaceman to survive if he accidentally lost his oxygen supply, and 2) can a lowly sea-level type achieve the High Andean's resistance to oxygen deprivation—but in a matter of converse to the converse of the converse of the Clerk get the answers were Drs. Alberto Hurtado and Tulio Velŝaquez of Lima's Institute of Andean Biology.

Since Morococha is not high enough for his purpose Dr. Velásquez put local



Physiologists Clark & Balke High living pays off.

volunters into an altitude chamber, exhausted the air until the pressure equaled that at 30,000 ft., then had them take of their oxygen masks. Whereas virtualties of their oxygen masks, whereas virtualties of the state of the state of the state of the victourses in less than three minutes under these conditions, half the Morocochans were able to take it indefinitely and thus made it possible for Dr. Velsaguez to figure out average endurance. The break point came at 3,000 to its own the point came at 3,000 to its own the researchers by failing to black out. The researchers by failing to black out, The rest did so after an average of six minutes.

Emphotic Yes, Going higher by 2,000ft, steps, the subjects had progressively shorter times of useful consciousness. But even at 4,000 ft. the Indians averaged 13 minutes, and one held out for more than two minutes. These results answered the first question with an emphatic yes: would be able to function effectively far longer, and thus perhaps save his life, if he had the High Andean's altitude endurance.

To the second question, Dr. Bruno Balke supplied a partial answer with rugged training of Air Force volunteers on Mount Evans, Colo. (Tram, Aug. 25). After nearps is weeks of inching up to its 1s, 2,60-ft, peak, simen could exercise in an altitude chamber simulating 35,000 ft, without getting the bends, and they remained conscious for an average of 30 minutes at 30,000 ft, Drs. Balke and Velsaquez took students from sea-level Lima to Moresulation of the construction of the could work as hard as the oldtimers. But the highland natives still had one advantage: their lungs worked only half as hard as the newcomer's because they were twice as efficient in extracting oxygen from the rarefted air.

Myths Reversed

The harder a man's job and the worse is worries, according to popular myth, the higher his blood pressure. Not so, said the British Medical Journal last week. He was a supersure to the state of the standards of living had higher pressures. And contrary to expectation, "an inverse correlation was found with family pressure." The state of the

Good Statistics

The Public Health Service's final figures on the 1957 rate of incidence of disease, published last week, showed a generally good picture.

While the Salk vaccine proved to be "60% to 90% effective," polio remained, by shifting targets, a major problem. It used to be primarily a disease of the oft-diapered, well-scrubbed upper-income groups, whose infants were protected against the mild (often undetectable) infections that give immunity against later and more serious attacks. Things were different with the infants of the poor, who lived amid filth, got an infection in their first few months while still protected by passive immunity from inherited antibodies. Now the better-heeled families are dutifully getting Salk shots early and often. The people at the bottom of the economic ladder have learned enough about health protection to get their babies up out of the yard filth, but not enough to have their youngsters vaccinated. As a result, paralytic polio (2,499) struck hardest at children from low-income groups.

est at children from low-income groups. Other figures: DIPHTHERIA. Steadily on the decline since 1946, the disease struck 23% fewer victims last year than the year before. Of

the 1,211 total, Michigan accounted for 100 in December alone. ENCEPHALITIS. Down again in 1957 with

2,135 cases, but still about equal to the

VENEREAL DISEASES. Of the reported 136,039 cases of syphilis in all stages, Southern California's migrant agricultural workers claimed 10,000. Syphilis was slightly higher; gonorrhea was down 5%.

INFECTIOUS HEPATITIS. 20% lower than 1956, 70% lower than 1954's alltime high of 50,093 cases.

Also on the decline in 1957: brucellosis, malaria, trichinosis, tuberculosis, typhoid.

ART



DAVID NEMEROV & "CENTRAL PARK SKYLINE"



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The Desk Set

The transformation of a businessman into an artist might seem as unlikely as the proverbial wringing of blood from a stone. But last week two refugees from the desk set proved not only that it could be done, but that their old skill at turning a profit could be brought over into a new world.

Too Young he Know. In az years with Manhattan's Russels clothing store, David Nemerow rose from window dresser to vid Nemerow rose from window dresser to the Last year he began to find the position of the control of the position of the control of

Nemerov's formula is simple, although

somewhat personal: "I never go to bed with less than six art books. I sleep like a top, I get up and see my florist; then I might paint florals until noon. I love color. Without color the world is too drab. Therefore God put flowers in it. Whether I paint a skyscraper or a pussycant I want to make it more interesting, but the vital thing is the flowers."

How to explain his popularity? "Tm to young to know my customers," says Nemerox, and then gets right down to business." As I analyze them, they are mostly people of means whose wives low beautiful homes and would prefer a colorful picture to Gauguin, for instance.* When a stranger walks in and pays for a painting of yours, life becomes wonderful indeed, You see, I couldn't bear to be a failure, not only in my own eyes but in the eyes of the world."

Butter on Turkey, Sixteen years ago, when she was 1, 9 Everly Pepper was art director of Decca Records Inc. and a fast-rining, horn-rimmed spectacle of success. At 25 she was vice president of a boom-gadvertising agency. Then instinct, and a couple of psychosnalysts, told her to quit while she was ahead. She left for Paris with 32 lasts in her luggace, but the peans of the peans

Her paintings show the white light and black-clad poor of Spain and Italy with tenderness if not much power. Cubism is perhaps her stumbling block; one can hardly see the people for the planes. But her semi-abstract sculptures come to terms with the wood in witty and sensuous ways. Woman and Child (see cut), hunched forms of a mother and her papoose, seem in a separate world, somewhere between the nature of a tree trunk and that of people. Why did she quit business for art? Says she, elliptically: "I like putting butter on turkeys. I like peeling and feeling things. The same with my sculpture. You find a big old root and have to marry it to shape your preconceived form its way."

* A retired Paris stockbroker himself.

MANA FROM HARVARD

NE of the world's great repositories of primitive art is Harvard's Peahody Museum—where few people except students of anthropology ever set foot, Just across the Charles River, the Boston Museum of Fine Arts plays host to hundreds of visitors each day, but it has been been supported by the control of the property of

Melanesian tom-toms, Benin bronzes, a footstool in the shape of a kneeling woman, a dog-shaped bowl, and African, American Indian and South Sea Island idols by the score comprised a wild little dream world within the Fine Arts' staid galleries of European pictures. Most exciting finds were the small gold ornaments from pre-Columbian Central America, that were discovered by a Peahody Museum expedition (see color). Like the vast majority of items on display, they could not be called "beautiful" in any ordinary sense of the term. But, as Fine Arts Director Perry Rathbone pointed out in the exhibition catalogue, "beauty has become only one province of art's kinedom."

and the control of th



WEIRD FACE of hammered gold was found by Harvard Peabody Museum expedition in Panama's Coclé Province. Just under 5 in. across, disk has N-shaped teeth, motif dating from 8th century A.D.





GOLD ORNAMENT, found in pre-Columbian grave in Panama, was originally sewn on clothing. Invading Spaniards found Indians still using similar jewelry in 16th century.



HUMAN EFFIGY is gold casting found by expedition in Panama. Wealth of objects was discovered when river shifted its course, revealed site of ancient Indian burial ground.



MAN OF THE YEAR 1958

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-BROOKS ATKINSON, Critic of the NEW YORK TIMES BROADHURST THEA, W. 44 St., N.Y.C.

THIS IS THE YEAR OF THE



THE THEATER

New Revue in Manhattan

La Plume de Ma Tante (written by Robert Dhery; music by Gerard Calvi) speaks a kind of compound-fractured English. But in all other respects it is as engagingly French as it is abundantly funny.

The question of speech scarcely matters anyhow, for La Pinne generally favors the international language of leers and leaps, pratfalls and double takes, cupboards and manholes. In a season deafened with the rat-tat-tat of drearily mechanical gap though the property of t

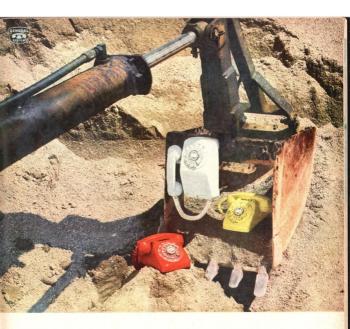


"La Plume" Players
The quality of merci is not strained.

thanks. But, in La Plume's case, the quality of merci is not strained; the show shines by more than contrast. If a fair number of its exhibits fall rather flat, even they have high spots to fall from, and acrobatic performers.

The success of the show is threepronged: a matter of madness, precision and charm. The madness is a sort of souffield Hellaspoppin, of light jobts and quick surprises. The audience seldom has a sense of what is coming and may quite literally be hit with it. The evening offers a series of memorably wacky pictures: a man contentedly mile because line with one grid always, kicking the wrong leg; a male ballet dancer suddenly blushing at his own immodest tights.

Partly because much of it moves to rhythmically gay and tinny music, La Plume has a sort of dreamlike clockwork precision, a sense of Jacques being nimble, Jacques being quick. But it is some-



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FUN WITH WINE

an uncomplicated guide



Dry Sherry, especially ALMADÉN SOLERA COCKTAIL SHERRY, belongs in the refrigerator. Even your staunch Martini drinkers will go for it if it's iced. Made by the slow Spanish process, solera-blended, aged in small oak butts, very pale, bone dry.







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ALMADEN GRENACHE ROSE, CABERNET SAUVIGNON, JOHANNISBERG RIESLING, PINOT CHARDONNAY

thing very like charm that most enhances what is good in the show and cushions what is not. It is what lends lure to Rob-tr Dhery's unbrillant comphere patter, appealingness to Pierre Olaf's pranks. It dissented to the calisthenic comedy of the high point of the evening. This first-set finale, in which four monks make jubilant Maypele madar it is being judged to encome our as it is being judged to encome our control of the practice of the pra

What often seems like simple, elementary la-plume-de-ma-tonic performing is in truth almost untranslatably idiomatic. From two of Broadway's outstanding virtues, La Plume removes the accompanying kinks: there is no aggression in its showmanship. no tension in its speed.

New Play in Manhattan Cock-a-Doodle Dandy (by Sean O'Ca-

sey) waited nine years to reach New York, and then turned up off Broadway. Written long after O'Casey's lusty, naturalistic prime, it is streaked with fantasy and symbolism. Its man-sized crowing cock is everything that Ireland, for O'Casey, is not—life-loving, joyous, free. Against his feathered friend O'Casey sets all his inveterate foes—ignorant old windbags, bullying priests, superstition-clogged rustics, tightfisted employers. Above all, a tyrannic Puritanism blasts the temptations of the flesh, makes war on warm-blooded temptresses.

With its scarifyingly freakish weather, eerie sounds and collapsing houses, Cocka-Doodle Dandy becomes at times a farcical free-for-all, as at other times it blares a propagandist freedom-for-no-one. Much of the writing, whether wrathful, lyrical or lowdown, has the true O'Casey tang. And despite symbols that are more like stencils and incidents too much like one another Cock-a-Doodle Dandy has its amusing scenes and its fiery ones. Unhappily, in a quite un-Gaelic and ponderous production, there emerges nothing of the robustly comic playwright; the horseplay is elephantine, the darts are leaden cannonballs. What alone and all too stridently emerges is O'Casey's angry protest. Cock-a-Doodle Dandy, in any real sense, has still to be produced in New York,

MILESTONES

Married. Dick Haymes, 40, sometime singing cinemactor (State Fair) and Frances Ann Makris, 21; he for the fifth time (No. 2: Joanne Dru; No. 4: Rita Hayworth), she for the second; in Arlington, Va.

Divorced. By John P. Marquand, 65, novelist whose current bestseller, Women and Thomas Harrow, concerns a writer who has three unsuccessful marriages: Adelaide Hooker Marquand, 55, his sectond wife (sister of Mrs. John D. Rockefeller III); after 21 years of marriage, three children; in Carson City, Nev.

Died. David Fredenthal, 44, Detroitborn artist known for sketches of news events, particularly battle scenes made for LIFE during World War II; of an overdose of barbiturates; in Rome.

Died. Tyrone Power, cinemactor, 44: of a heart attack suffered on the set of United Artists' Solomon and Sheba, following a strenuous duel scene in which Power (King Solomon) was supposed to kill Actor George Sanders (Adonijah); in Madrid. The son and great-grandson of actors of the same name. Tyrone Power first learned his craft on the stage. Signed to a Fox contract in 1036, he was the cinema's top moneymaking star two years later, stacking up a list of credits that eventually included Jesse James, The Rains Came, Blood and Sand, Captain from Castile, The Eddy Duchin Story, The Sun Also Rises and Witness for the Prosecution. Noted for his independence of mind after his World War II duty as a Marine flyer, Power gave up fulltime moviemaking in 1952, returned to the stage (John Brown's Body, The Dark Is Light Enough, Back to Methasolab), reasoning that "you don't always do everything for loot, do you?" His maringes were a savied as his secene credits. No. 1: French Actress Annabella (Suzanne Charpentier). No. 2: Mexicanborn Chemango Linda Christian, who charged Power S. 000,000 for his freedom Charged Power S. 000,000 for his freedom Minardos, 26, of Mississippi, who expects their child in February.

Died. John Randolph Hearst, 49, assistant general manager of the Hearst newspapers, third of the five sons of the late William Randolph Hearst; in St. Thomas, Virgin Islands.

Died, Rear Admiral Leonard B. Southerland, U.S.N., 53, commander of aircraft carriers in the Seventh Fleet; in the crash of a helicopter; on Okinawa.

Died. James Michael Curley, 83, onetime top Democrat in Massachusetts (Mayor of Boston, Governor, Congressman); following surgery for an internal obstruction; in Boston (see NATIONAL Appairs).

Died. Samuel Hopkins Adams, 87, novelist, turn-of-the-century muckraker, chronicler of the Harding era (Reveley, Ineredible Era), master of reminiscence (Grundlather Stories), whose widely varied twe-foot shelf also made a large haul in Hollywood (Flaming Youth, It Happened One Night, The Gargeous Hustry, The Harvey Girls), in Beaulort, S.C. novel to appear posthumously," he said, but Tenderloin will not appear until January.

VIEWPOINT

Advertising

Advertising Citizen

In warm, handsome W. T. "Ted" Okie, J. M. Mathes Inc., New York advertising agency, has a president who again makes Madison Avenue fictional stereotypes seem as contrived and unreal as vaudeville backtops. For Ted Okie is, and in what he calls "the citizenship side to advertising." He also worries about the forced type of ads that "shove something into the product that actually int' in its true profile."



OKIE: The best idea is a built-in advantage

Replenishing Mental Capital

Okie, whose first job 25 years ago (after running a collegiate ad agency at Dartmouth) was with Mathes, believes in the informative school of advertising...i.e., "knowing a product and its selling picture so thoroughly that you can extract from it the natural built-in advantages."

"But such constant creativity is a drain on the mental capital," says Okie. "That's why we urge our people to replenish this capital by regularly getting out into the marketplace—talking to customers—enlarging their viewpoints. It's also why we like people to 'live with' our products, too, building up their mental capital through actual association, as well."

Freedom of Motion

J. M. Mathes, Inc., which has an annual billing of some \$20 million, prices istelf on a low client turnover. Okie attributes this both to the fact that the agency likes to work with its consumer and industrial clients on a policy level, and also to the clients on a policy level, and also to the the creative level. Says Okie: "We like to the creative level. Says Okie: "We like to the thickes bubble. Out of many ideas, we can always select the best idea. And we will always strive for the best idea."

Published as a service to the advertising industry and the McCall's

The magazine of Togetherness



IT'S PRICED

IT'S ECONOMICAL

IDLES WELL OVER 7 HOURS ON A GALLON OF GASOLINE— DEMONSTRATION PROVES IT!



IT'S LITTLE



50 LOW IT GIVES YOU MORE LOADSPACE FOR THE MOREY THAN ANYTHING ON WHEELS!

IT'S THE New INTERNATIONAL METRO-MITE

America's biggest little delivery truck!

You'll put more of everything into itexcept money!

Roomy, all-steel body takes big payloads of every description: 120 cleaning bags, 700 11/2-lb. loaves of bread in cartons, even 9-ft. rugs. Load area is 66 in. high and wide and 84 in. long for bulky merchandise. Walk-through aisle to driver's compartment adds an extra 28 in. of usable load length.

Parks in tight places, garages in a small space. Short 96-in. wheelbase permits a turning radius of only 17 ft.-less than the width of a city street. Sliding doors and folding seat for easy deliveries from either side. Big windshield offers excellent visibility

Economical 4-cylinder engine combines snappy performance with low upkeep. Lightweight, unitized design of chassis and body reduces truck weight to 2800 lbs., assures lasting strength for 1000-lb. payloads. The new Metro-Mite is a smart billboard for your business. It's economy-on-wheels. Stop in to see your International Dealer and place your order now!

P.O. Box 7333, Chicago 80, Illinois New Metro-Mite Other Metro Models

national Harvester Company

City

International Harvester Co., Chicago - Motor Trucks - Crawler Tractors - Co.

BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS Still on the Climb

The U.S. economy last week showed a seasonal briskness that put new pep into the statistics. Private housing starts hit the highest level of any month since September 1955 with a seasonally adjusted annual rate of 1,260,000. The nation's industrial output edged up another point to 138% of the 1947-49 average, 9% above the recession low. With unemployment still dropping between September and October, consumers stepped up their buying in the nation's department stores by 2% over a year ago. And steel production. reported the American Iron and Steel Institute, rose to the highest level in a year, with production of about 8.816.000 tons in October v. 7.610,372 in September.

The big question in the economy is still the auto market. Auto dealers repet demand for the new cars still running from 35% to 50% over last year. Ford has twice as many dealer orders now as a year ago, Buick three times as many, and Plymouth is up 16%. But there are still not enough cars to meet demand and get a true picture of the market. Last seeks, to make markets worse, a five-day when the still th

If the shortage continues much longer, many a dealer fears he will lose sales. Some of the more optimistic have already lowered their sights. We had a terrific reception to the new models: says John Nalley Chevotle. "This shortage harts baddy." Pontiac Dealer A. E. England can't firm an order when you haven't got a model to show," and Irving Esserman of Chicago's Esserman Motor Sales, a large Chayler Physiological Search and Chicago's Esserman Motor Sales, a large Chayler Physiological Physiological Search and Physi

Though the Budd strike and the aftermath of the Chrysler strike will cut this week's production under last week's 1988 high of 125,279 cars, most automakers are putting on full steam to catch up to the healthy demand. Chevrolet last week produced 35,000 cars to pass Ford in week-ly output for the first time this model year, hopes to reach 42,000 in three weeks.

Ford Motor Co. scheduled a 6% rise for this week over last. Ford also started production of its new Galaxie (TIME, July 183, dreamed up hat spring after Ford got the 1955 Chevrolet. Rushed into production to compete with the Chevrolet Impala, the Galaxie series of six models has an elongated Thunderbird roof set on Series of the Chevrolet. Series of the Series \$5.501. Spring the Series of the Series of the sale and the Series of the Series of the Series of the sale of the Series of the Series of the Series of the sale of the Series of the Series of the Series of the sale of the Series of the Series of the Series of the Series of the sale of the Series of the Series of the Series of the Series of the sale of the Series of the Series of the Series of the Series of the sale of the Series of

Farm Turnaround

On the farm, the outlook was not so good. The Agriculture Department predicted last week that net farm income in 1959 may drop 5% to 10% below 1958, after a year of the highest farm profits in five years (see chart). Hog and poultry prices are expected to decline, and crop prices will be lower as a result of this year's record crop and surpluses. Next year's crop may be equally large, or larger, partly because the Government will scrap soil-bank payments to farmers for underplanting their acres, thus depriving them of \$700 million in payments made this year. On the other hand, the Government will have to pay more in price supports in



the months ahead to compensate for the surge in crop production. Yet despite the fact that farmers complain about the prices they get for their crops reported the Federal Reserve Bank of Chicago last week, the value of the farms they own has soared; in some places it has doubled in value over ten years ago. Not only that, but many farmers are buying more and more land on which to farm. One result: average farm real estate value per acre rose from \$100.30 in March to \$104.80 on Nov. 1, reflecting the drive by farmers to expand their acreage base in order to take advantage of present prices and farm price supports.

"Historic Milestone"

"Demand is feeding on success," said Lucien O. Hooper of Wall Street's W. E. Hutton & Co. It seemed an understatement indeed in a week when the stock market again surged to new highs, but it was the best explanation Wall Street had to offer for what has become the most spectacular phenomenon of the 1058 business recovery. On all but one day last week, stocks climbed to new records, closed the week at £64,68 on the Downood of the control of the week to an alltime record.⁶ The Downood of the week to an alltime record.⁶ The Downood of the week to an alltime record.⁶ The Downood of the week at long dex of 500 stocks weeks ago exceeded their alltime highs; last week, at long last, they were followed by a slowpoke. It is also that the week of 500 stocks weeks ago skeeped of 25 industrial and 25 railread stocks, which broke through its alltime high set in August 1056. Crowed the Times: "A historic millesten."

One big reason for the steady market is beightened demand for a bort supply of stocks. Though the average daily volume of stocks has more than tripled in volume of stocks has more than tripled in the stock of the stocks of the stocks of the stocks of the stocks of the stock of the stock

clearly in lower-priced stocks, which are more attractive to the public than higherpriced blue chips. When Lehman Bros. brought out its One William Street Fund at a price of \$12.50, it got more shareholders in a day than F. W. Woolworth Co. (now selling for about 50) has had at any one time in its history. Last week issues selling for less than \$25 a share numbered nine of the week's 15 most active stocks, Rumors of stock splits, and resulting lower prices per share, also sent higher-priced stocks spiraling; last week Pfizer drug rose from 934 to a high of 1024, and Lockheed Aircraft from 56% to a high of 62 on reports from the companies that they were considering splits. The low price of the mutual funds (about 90% are selling under \$25) is a big reason for their appeal, although the funds, in turn, drive the market higher by buying large blocks of high-priced blue chips. The National Association of Investment Companies reported this week that sales of mutual funds rose to a record \$171 million in October, up from \$128 million

9. A lavorite guessing game on Wall Street these days is figuring how high the industrials would be if American Telephone & Telepraph had not be a fine to be a first property of the prope

only a year ago.



THE WORLD'S AUTOS AT TURIN'S EXHIBITION PALAGE
The small and snappy outdistanced the big and beautiful.

AUTOS

Day of the Babies

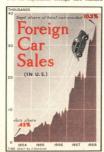
Turin's Valentino Exhibition Palace was ablaze with chrome and brightpainted metal. On view at Italy's oldest and biggest auto show were the pride and joy of the world's automakers: 64 models from twelve nations, including General Motors' opulent Cadillac, Czechoslovakia's tanklike Tatra, Britain's 150-m.p.h. Aston Martin racer. But the stars of the show were not the big, the swift or the beautiful. They were the small, neatly styled economy cars that spark the biggest boom Europe's automakers have ever known. This year the industry will produce better than 4,500,000 small carsand export something like 45% of them to eager customers in every corner of the glol

Filling the Chinks. Unlike Detroit's designers, who change styles each year, Europe's small-car men hardly touched their existing models this year, Instead, they concentrated on bringing out a fleet of brand-new cars to fill in the gaps in their lines and expand their growing markets still more. Italy's Fiat brought out an 81-h.p. hardtop two-seater to compete in the \$3,200 price class with Britain's popular Austin Healeys, added a new baby line called the "Jolly," with four wicker seats and a price tag of about \$1,000. France's big-selling Simca has a new line of medium-priced (\$1,445 to \$1,068) sedans in 144 model and color combinations. Renault, which has sold 1,000,000 baby cars in the last ten years. is moving into the sports-car class with a snappy two-seater called the Floride at \$2,023. And everyone from Citroën to Britain's Austin is jumping into the station-wagon market with low-priced cars that combine the features of conventional sedans long popular with Europe's buyers with the roominess of businesslike carryalls.

The new models are just frosting on the foreign carmakers' cake. The older cars sell so well that almost every producer is shead from 10% to 30% this year. With a new 350-acre plant at Mirafin, Italy's Ital is making 1,400 cars daily, up about 40% from last year. In France, Simca alone expects to turn out 210,000 cars in 195% p. 170,000 in 1957, while the industry as a whole will top the 1,000,000 mark for a 100% increase in the last four years. Biggest jump of all: West Germany, which made 95%,00° cars to 100,000 units in 102%.

Sollingthe World, Booming domestic markets account for some of the expansion, e.g., volkswagen has an eight-toten-months waiting list at home. But the bigger push is for exports, which gobble up 57% of Volkswagen's production, 75% of Porsche's, 40% of Fiat's, 33% of Renault's output.

The strongest customer is still the U.S. In September foreign cars reached



a record 10.3% of the total market, almost triple last year's 3.5%. Estimates are that exports to the U.S. will his 35,0000 cars this year, climb to 500.000 in 1050. Britain's Vauxhall already sells as many cars in the U.S. as it does in Britain, and Italy's automakers, who shipped a mere of cars to the U.S. ten years ago, expect this year to sell 25,000 worth some Sto million.

More surprising thinks alles to the carminded U.S. is the growing export competition within Europe itself. Italy's biggest customer is not the U.S. but Germany, where Fist's tiny, inexpensive into fourth spot in sales, seventh place last year. Competition is so intense that Fist recently chopped priese from 2% to 15% clear across the board on its pastion of the proper price of the proper price outdone. Volkswerfall line. Not to be soutdone. Volkswerfall line. Not to \$1,750 off its de luxe sedan. But the cut was for the Italian market only.

Beyond Europe and the U.S., smallcar makers are learning to tap markets in developing nations around the world where economy is more important than power or size. Foreign cars account for 41% of Puerto Rico's car imports. German cars jumped from 14,000 to 22,000 in the first six months of this year in South Africa, from 7,000 to 13,000 in Australia 1000.

Even Japan is hustling to get into the race. Though the industry produced only 42:507 passenger cars last year, automakers plan big things. Toyota Motor makers plan big things. Toyota Motor than 150 miles are sal.) for \$2,222, has shipped Soc cars so far this year, including 150 to Hawaiii, Japan's other major producer, Nissan Motor Co., with a for \$1,765, has sent out another Soc to for \$1,765, has sent out another Soc to companies see a U.S. market of 500 cars

-RIGHT-TO-WORK LAWS-

The Results Do Not Justify the Trouble

IN the recent elections, right-tofive of the six states where they were proposed. But they are far from a dead issue. Already, unionists are getting set for a drive in Congress to outlaw state laws that forbid the union shop. The arguments over such laws have ranged all the way from the position of Labor Secretary James Mitchell that "they do more harm than good" to the stand of General Electric Chairman Ralph Cordiner, who says his company takes right-to-work laws into consideration as a plus factor when locating new plants. But the debate has been more emotional than factual. The big overlooked question: How do right-to-work laws work in the 18 states that have them?

In Florida, which passed the first right-to-work law in 1943, the law has had little effect; it has no teeth and is largely disregarded. The buildingtrades unions, biggest in the state, do not protest the law simply because they fear that if they get it revoked they might get a law that would hurt them. In four other states-South Carolina, North Dakota, Georgia and Arizona-the situation is much the same: the laws have had virtually no effect on union or labor relations. There are many ways to get around them. In Virginia unionists in the building trades have found a simple way to defeat the anti-closed-shop provisions of the state law: when a nonunion member shows up on a construction job, union members just get "sick" until he is fired. Union growth has hardly been hampered. Since the Virginia law was passed in 1947, union membership has grown from 100,000 to 150,000. There are other dodges to get around the restriction on the closed shop, such as the "agency" shop in which nonunion employees pay

While union leaders in Texas complain that the law has hurt them. they are hard put to find figures to prove it. Ed Burris, executive vice president of the Texas Manufacturers Association, cites union membership, which has grown from 110,500 before World War II to 400,000 today, He feels that the law has not inhibited the growth of unions or their functions as bargaining agents. Unionists charge that the law has had other bad effects, Jerry Holleman, head of the Texas A.F.L.-C.I.O., says the law has weakened union discipline, causing more wildcat strikes, and that the union must take many more grievance cases, often trivial ones, to arbitration lest the union members withdraw from the local on grounds that they are not being ably represented.

Perhaps the biggest effect of the laws has been to hamper organizing by weak unions. In Iowa, says Federation of Labor President Ray Mills, "it has become almost impossible to organize areas where workers are in a especially weak position." In Utah, which has probably the only right-towork law with real teeth in it, uniontie workers at all. In fact, there has not been an organizing strike or picket line for the last three years.

Many a unionist feels that the prime uprose of most of the laws, which was to curb the power of big unions. has had the opposite effect. Some of the weak unions, said Gordon Preble. Co. (Tot. have then broken up in Nebraska and the members have joined the strong unions. Thus, says he, the effect has been to "make the strong unions stronger. The strong unions have also had to mend their fences. The strong unions thave also had to mend their fences.

Whether a right-to-work law helps here industry to a state, as proponents chain, is also debatable. Backers of the law in Indiana cit: the fact that the state has gained 85 new industries since the law was passed last year. But industries were entering the state at almost the same rate before then. Moreover, 16 industries have decided to leave since the law went into effect. It is not the law that into effect. Evansville plant to Missouri, which has no right-le-work law.

In almost all the right-to-work states, unionists agree that where labor and management got on well before the law, they still get along well. Those who fought unions before have tried to use the laws to kill unions or to knock down union pay standards. Says Edmond McCoddrick, presented and the state of the state of

In sum, the statutes have had little effect on labor or on business, but a considerable effect on the Republican Party's election losses. Said John W. McConnell of the U.S. Mediation and Conciliation Service: Right-to-work laws "are at best symbols of the conciliation Service: Right-to-work laws "are at best symbols of the conflict between organized labor and organized management." They do not improve the organization and responsibility of the proposed of the confliction of the confl

INVESTMENT

Opportunity Knocks As an apostle of U.S. private enter-

prise, Kansas Oliman Bill Graham has ranged far afield with cash and encouragement for budding businessmen (Tius; Dec. 23). He has backed furniture makers in Greece, cement contractors in Lebanon, rylon manufacturers in India; This week backyard for business ideas to encourage. Onto a statewide TV hookup from Wichita's KAKE-TV went the first of twelve TV programs called Opportunity Knacks that will award up to \$75,000 in financial backing to the best home-grown ideas for

Produced by Graham's Private Enterprise, Inc. and sponsored by Ford Motor Co., the show will hear from three contestants a week for three weeks, pick three of them for a fourth program where the winner will get backing up to \$25,000. As with small businessmen it has backed abroad, Graham's P.E.I. will split profits fifty-fifty with the winners until they are ready to buy out its share, Graham has already received nearly 300 applications touting everything from a futuristic garage to a fancy vanity tray, is having applicants screened by Wichita's Fourth National Bank and judged by a panel of three prominent Kansas businessmen.

Graham's first three contestants this week were Cleo V. Dome, a Bucklin, Kans, football coach who wants \$15,000 to start a wholesale and retail seed-cleaning business; Del and Betty Robinson, who need \$10,000 to start a shop specializing in party planning and decorating; and Tony Oropesa, a restaurant operator who wants \$15,000 to start a seafood restaurant in Wichita. Private Enterprise has \$314,000 available for loans, may make Opportunity Knocks a national program if it is a success in Kansas. Graham hopes to see a program with no losers. Says he: "Somewhere in the TV audience there's going to be someone with capital even for the ideas that we aren't able to use."

MODERN LIVING A Lifetime of Arthur Murray

For Mrs. Jessie C. Lee, a widowed tourist-home operator in Albany, N.Y., the friendly letter from the local Arthur Murray School of Dancing was an invitation to waltz into a new and more exciting life. She signed up for dancing lessons, paid higher and higher fees to win the privilege of attending parties and other extra functions at the school, After six weeks, she was persuaded to sign up for an \$11,800 lifetime membership. One of the school instructors thoughtfully accompanied her home and to the bank to round up the payment. But with half her life's savings gone, Mrs. Lee became disillu-sioned danced off to the police, Last week, in the third court case involving an Arthur Murray affiliate in two months (TIME, Oct. 6), the manager and two instructors of the Albany dancing school faced charges of first-degree grand larceny Meet Ray Matson, Division D

banker for the 3 R's

Few youngsters of any era have conceded that studying is fun. But today's textbooks are much more colorful and interesting than the drab "Readin', 'Ritin' and 'Rithmetic' books of even two generations ago. And nobody has followed the progress of improvement more closely than Ray Matson, Vice President of The First National Bank of Chicago and head of our Division D, which lends to the publishing industry.

Chicago is a center for textbook publishing. In their many years in Division D, Mr. Matson, and his men have learned much about the industry. They know, for instance, that it's a seasonal business; companies usually borrow in the spring and repay in the fall. They are familiar with the problems of royaltics, paper commitments, editorial board policies and textbook adoptions. These men are also aware of publishers' concern in estimating the potential student market before books are shipped to depositories.

These officers are typical of the men in each of the 10 Divisions of the Commercial Banking Department here. Each Division serves one group of industries exclusively; its men constantly visit, study and serve these industries. You waste no time in getting down to business with them.

Whether you publish textbooks or manufacture tank cars, you'll appreciate the thoughtful, time-saving, informed service at The First National Bank of Chicago!

The First National Bank of Chicago



Building with Chicago since 1863





Topp's GIRA & Johns
To eliminate the complex . . .

and conspiracy. The apparent reason for the grand jury's objection to the costly lifetime membership: Mrs. Lee is 79. Conceded Mrs. Arthur Murray, vice president of the Murray chain, after defending the lifetime membership: "In her case, I don't think she'd be doing too well."

CORPORATIONS

Automation for All

Because of the expense, the biggest benefits of automation have largely been restricted to rich companies—until now. Last week California's Topp Industries announced a breakthrough in automation that will bring savings in cost and increased efficiency to small plants. Name of the new device: the Micro-Path Control System.

The system is the invention of Bill and Ruth Marantette, a young engineering couple from Columbia Falls (pop. 1,232). Mont. They started work three years ago in a garage workshop with \$2,500 in savings, an \$1,800 loan, plus further cash put up by Topp when it bought the invention. The major objective of the Marantettes was to eliminate the complex, expensive computers used in previous control systems. Such computers cost \$60,000 and up, need trained engineers to program and manage their operations; every instruction in a process must be turned into a mathematical equation, which is fed into a computer and transmitted first to punch tape, then to magnetic tape to guide the machines. The Marantettes' idea was far simpler: they wanted to use a stylus-like device connected to high-speed electric motors to "write" instructions directly on magnetic tape; when the tape was fed back electronically through the system of motors, the motors would then convert the tape impulses to mechanical

To make the idea work, the inventors had to develop a system of electric pulse motors that were able to direct a machine to perform all the intricate steps contained on the tape. Called pulse-servos, such motors have been in operation for years; the problem was that the fastest available could handle only 1,700 pulses per second, which was not enough for really sophisticated work. The great breakthrough came with the development of a super pulse-servo that could handle 6,000 pulses per second, fast enough to direct the most complex piece of milling work. To start the system, the operator merely runs the machine through its work by hand a first time, As he performs the task, the stylus records his most minute steps on tape, which then slavishly repeats the process endlessly with the pulse-servos. Cost of the system, which comes in a cabinet no bigger than a medium-size hi-fi set: from \$12,000 to \$25,000, plus \$500 or so to fit it to whatever machine tool it is to operate.



Inventors Ruth & BILL MARANTETTE
... keep it simple.

Banks & Missiles. One of the first test nachines was put to work for Cummins-Chicago Corp., makers of bank business machines, which needed a 600% increase in a certain manufacturing process; it got a 1,200% increase. The company also hoped to save \$500 a week; it now saves about \$1,000 a week on the process. Now Topp's Micro-Path division, headed by Thomas F. Johns, is out showing the machine to U.S. industry. North American Aviation wants four of the machines; Hughes Aircraft is interested in using the machine on a 20-ft. lathe to drill and rout its Falcon missile. There may be other uses beyond machine tools: Du Pont is investigating to see if the controls can be used to run chemical-mixing processes.

The Micro-Path System promises to be the hottest product marketed by Topp's two founders. President Bernard F. Gira and Executive Vice President Herbert I. Peterson, After working as purchasing agents in the aircraft industry, the two joined forces in 1955 to make electronic instruments for the missile age. They turn out instruments that tell an aircraft's angle of attack, compute its Mach number electronically, time and program the firing of its rocket armament; there is even an instrument to measure the structural-material erosion of missiles at hypersonic speeds. With a second division making radios and navigational facilities for the CAA's airways-improvement program. Topp turned a profit of \$879,-974 on sales of better than \$10 million last year, and has a backlog of orders worth \$0.000,000.

Topp's President Gira thinks his sales may double or triple with the new control system. All told, says Gira, there are 1,500.000 machine tools already in place in U.S. machine shops that could and should be futed with automated controls.

TIME CLOCK

CONSTRUCTION BOOM will lift building outlays 7% to an all-time record \$52.3 billion next year, say Commerce and Labor departments. Increases in highways (to \$6 billion) and housing (to 1,200,000 units) will account for 80% of the gain.

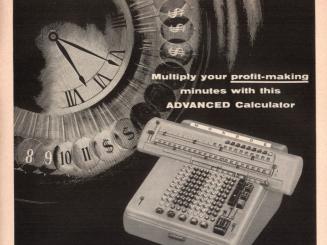
TOLL-ROAD TROUBLES are easing a bit, giving holders of \$4.7 billion worth of bonds somewhat happier view of their investment. End of recession plus opening of important new access roads has boosted traffic to cover eight big turnpikes' current interest cost.

DESILU STOCK, up to now privately owned, mainly by Desi Arnaz and Lucille Ball, will be offered to public at about \$10 per share although TV show producers keep con-

trol of company. Desilu earnings: \$3.54 per share in fiscal 1957, 10¢ per share last year when company bought RKO studios in Hollywood.

CAPITAL AIRLINES, strikebound for five weeks, got its first payment from mutual aid plan put into effect by six domestic carriers (TIME, Nov. 10, 1958). Size of payment covering Oct. 20-31 is secret, but insiders put sum at \$500,000.

RALLROAD MERGER is under discussion by five New England roads: Bangor & Aroostook, Boston & Maine, Maine Central, Rutland Railway, New York, New Haven & Hartford. They want to cut costs of parallel operations, set up ninth biggest U.S. road with some 5,300 miles of track, \$900 million of assets.



Advanced Monro-Matic® Calculators are the world's most automatic. These masterful machines automatically take over minute-wasting figuring decisions Automatically guard against human errors. Automatically figure faster to put more profit-making minutes in the day. That's why you'll find Monro-Matics at work on the desks of profit-proficient companies like these:





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In our business we get paid for executing orders. For getting the best price we can on any purchase or sale that we complete for a customer.

When we've done that, we've earned our commission as brokers.

But we try to do something more, too. We think it's our job to make investing as prudent, convenient—and practical as possible —for anyone who comes to us.

That means—among other things—that we maintain a Research Department large enough to answer almost any question you can ask about investing . . . to give you current facts on particular stocks, to prepare sensible investment programs for any specific sum, or to send you a thoroughly unbiased review of your entire portfolio—whenever you feel that it's called for.

It means, too, that we'll be glad to hold your securities for you. To insure them against fire, theft, and loss. To clip your coupons, collect your dividends, and send you a fully itemized statement each month covering your complete account with Merrill Lvnch.

Our charge for these services?

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GOODS & SERVICES

New Ideas

The Superba. Checker Motors Corp, makers of Checker taxicals, next month will begin production of a family-type passenger car called the Superba, which it claims will "perform like a pleasure car and take punishment like a taxicab." The new car, powered by a six-cylinder enjem, will be about 198 in. long and somewhat higher and narrower than most U.S. cars, sell in the \$2,500 price ranks.

Telegraphed Gifft. More than 2,000 U.S. drugstores have signed up with Gifts By Wire, Inc. of Delray Beach, Fla. in a new national gift-sending service. Customers pick gifts from a catalogue at retail prices (range §3 to \$28,50), pay a telegraph fee and 50.5 service charge to have the gift wrapped and delivered to the recipient in another city.

the recipient in another city.

Nonfot Fryer, For people on a low-fat

Nonfot Fryer, For people on a low-fat

or low-calorie diet, Chicagos Pam Prod
utes put on the market a nonfat soybean

extract that can be paryaed into the fry
ing pan from an Aerosol container, used to

fry meat, fish, potatoes, etc., without any

shortening. The extract will permit people

on a diet to eat more; an egg, which con
tains 70 calories, susually picks up another

55 when fried in shortening. Price: \$1.85, Reddiothor Tobb. Tracerlab, Inc. of Waltham, Mass. has developed the first film badge to record quarterly as well as weekly radiation readings from the more than 200,000 Americans (dentists, radiologists, X-ray technicians, etc.) whose work exposes them to radiation. Thirteen times more sensitive than present weekly film bagdes, Twin-film Service reduces the risk

Super-Glue. Eastman Chemical Products, a subsidiary of Eastman Kodak Co., has developed a new adhesive that will glue together almost any combination of substances, e.g., wood and steel, is so strong that a single drop can support a 5,000-lb. car on a rig. Unaffected by heat or cold, the Eastman 910 Adhesive sets rapidly without additives or heating.

BUSINESS ABROAD

"Love is all very well." said an unmar-

ried Japanese office girl, "but it makes you too dependent on a man. That's why I buy stock."

She was not a spinster munching sour grapes. In the land of the rising woman, where a husband used to control his year, millions of wives are buying stock by cutof the family pay envelope. As a result, Japan is having its biggest investment boom in history. This year 9,000,000 shareholders will invest \$5,5 billion v. \$4, shareholders will invest \$5,5 billion v. \$4, which is the pay of the pay of the pay of the increased \$50\%, and savings accounts have risen 20% to \$17, billion.

Last week Japanese security dealers opened a major campaign to attract more women investors. Some 6,000 salesmen began a door-to-door drive urging housewives to invest their husbands' winter sal-



DEPARTMENT STORE STOCK BUYERS In the land of the rising woman.

ary bonuses—usually one to three months' pay—in stocks. Traditionally given in December, the bonuses used to go for rice wine, New Year's gifts and new clothes. Now a flood of mail urges Japanese wives to "multiply your huband's bonus wisely in stocks. To become a millionairess is no longer an impossible dream."

Appealing to the new power of women unleashed since the war, brokers have spread the gospel of manibiru (money building)* all over Japan, display elaborate charts and brochures in remote hamlets to show how buying one \$28 bond every month will build to \$2,800 in 78 months. Every investment company has its "Golden Tree" or "Millionaire" club. whose members avidly read financial news bulletins, flock to jargon-heavy lectures by female stock-market experts. Companies operate scores of advisory offices in department stores and train stations, where shoppers and commuters can dash in to buy shares in investment trusts promising yields as high as 23%. Female investors all keep a sharp eve on how their money is spent, go off together on monthly plant inspections to see that no man ruins what women have helped to build. The dream of most wives of white-

The victor is now we so we so consider the constant of the con

* An offshoot of bodibiru (body building), a word heroically coined by Japanese tongues when U.S. and British physical culturists spread their gospel in Japan years ago.

Another example of low-cost Addressograph Automation



When teacher stays after school, there's more important work than this to do!

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CINEMA

The New Pictures

I Want to Live! (Figaro: United Artists). "When you hear the pellets drop, says the kindly guard to the beautiful doll as he buckles her into the cyanide chamber, "take a deep breath and count ten. It's easier that way," The beautiful doll only flings him a sardonic question: "How do you know?" Barbara Graham (Susan Hayward), according to this skillful screen version of the life and death of one of California's most celebrated criminals (TIME, June 13, 1955), is a woman who likes to find things out for herself. At 25, she has found out what it is like to be a vagrant, a prostitute, a gambler's shill, a convicted perjurer who has already served a total of three years in prison. At 30, according to California's public prosecutor, she finds out about murder-by pistol-whipping an old woman to death in the course of an unsuccessful robbery.

INCOOP BABS, THE TICER WOMAN, scream the tabloids, and the jury gives her the limit. But Convict Graham protests her innocence, and her protest is supported by a well-known psychiatrist. Says he: "She is totally immoral, [but] her crimes are the crimes of those for whom physical violence is impossible." The defense appeals. The court upholds the death verdict. The date of execu-

What follows is perhaps the most effective provocation to panic that has been seen on-screen since the high-explosive horrors of *The Wages of Fear* (TIME, Feb. 21, 1955). The executioners—friendly, ordinary, matter-of-fact men who look as though they had never dispatched anything more vital than a letter-proceed calmly with their preparations, and the camera dispassionately watches every lethal detail. Gravely they draw on their rubber gloves. Delicately they decant the sulfuric acid. Tidily they bundle the little white eggs of cyanide into a sack of gauze. Politely they unroll the carpet from the cell door to the gas chamber. And so it goes, on and on and on, for almost 40 minutes-right to the bitter end.

The spectacle of a public execution has always drawn a crowd, and this one will probably be no exception, even though the witnesses must pay for the privilege. But in the post-mortem many witnesses will wonder what is the meaning of the painful lesson they have just been read. Is it a sermon on the wages of sin? Not really. The heroine, according to the script, is not punished for something she did, but for something she did not do. Is it an attack on the practice of capital punishment? Possibly. But the script spends no sympathy on the two men convicted as the heroine's accomplices, who meet the same fate as she does. Well then, what is it? To judge from the far-out photography, real desperate sound track, and dragsville dialogue that Krylon-spray the whole film with a cheap

glaze of don't-care-if-I-do-die juvenility, Producer Walter Wanger seems less concerned to assist the triumph of justice than to provide the morbid market with a sure-enough gasser.

The Horse's Mouth (Lopert: United Artist). The stream of consciousness, as it comes boiling out of Gulley Jimson, the painter here of the late Joyce Cary's masterpiece of monologue, is a wizard's brew—wine of genius mixed with just plain sewerage—that may be too rich for the average moviepore's blood. Cary in his book (TIME, Feb. 6, 1950) displayed the Irish talent for tirade in formidable



GUINNESS AS GULLEY JIMSON A wheezing, hawking, spitting image.

measure, and he revealed a teeming and generous vision of life a Rubelissian sense of comedy. To make a straight commercial movie out of such a vital, abundant creation was at best a poor idea, but it has to be said for Britain's Alec Guinness, who wrote the script and plays the principal part, that he has marshaled all of his considerable intelligence, taste and humor to make the best of the job.

Inevitably, the Jimsonian stream has been carefully fittered of what the censors would call impurities, and in the process much of the essential, grandly unsanitary, superbly healthy quality of Cary is eliminated too. Also absent from the film is Cary's seeking energy, but Guinness supplies in its stead a stiff charge of farcical effervescence; and thanks to him. Intuitive is never a standard to the control of the control

Guinness's script is reasonably faithful to Cary's story—what story there is. Gulley Jimson, a gutter genius who lives in a rotting houseboat on the Thames and

has painted some of the most outrageously great pictures of his generation, is released from Wormwood Scrubbs prison, where the has just spent a month on charges of 'utering menaceon's liver, or something of the sort. He trots over to the nearest pub, puts the hite on the barmaid (Kay Washi), a middle-aged drab with a face, as Cary expressed it, "as blank as a sating's brief," in the barmaid of the sort of the

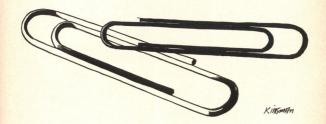
The painter's patron offers to keep Gulley on a pension if only he will leave off the telephone calls. But the butler catches Gulley stealing a jade figurine from the patron's collection, so he is lucky to get out the kitchen door while the police are chasing round the parlor.

But along comes a man with money to burn and a wall to fill, and Guinness is off on one of the funniest half-hours he has ever played. When the millionaire takes a trip to Jamaica. Gulley without so much as a by-your-leave moves into his apartment and starts to paint a wall he has taken a shine to. Item by item he pawns the rich man's bibelots to buy the best of paints, the finest of champagne. Six weeks later, when the unwitting host and hostess walk in the front door, they stare in stupor at the devastation of their home-not to mention the wall, which looks as though it had been struck by an avalanche of garbage-and then sink quietly through a 6-ft, hole that somebody has carelessly knocked in the floor. Guinness, of course, is a howl; the

wheezing, hawking, spitting image of a merry old soak. He sports a fortnight's grizzle, along with "eyes like a pair of half-sucked acid drops," and he has developed a horrendously comic walk. Yet he never lets the spectator forget that Iimson is a man of parts-though he never quite manages to convince anybody that the old rapscallion is really a genius. The stupefyingly loud and uninteresting pictures he paints (actually the work of Britain's 30-year-old John Bratby) are partly responsible for the failure, but Guinness must share in the blame. He is a highly intelligent actor, but he simply lacks the demonic force to fill out a personality as large as Jimson's. And he seems to have ignored almost completely the extraordinary religious depths of the man, as expressed, for instance, in the amen he sings to life in his dying words.

"There you go." I said, "getting up a grievance. Which is about the worst mistake anyone can make, especially if he read to a support of the said of the said of the or you'll feel sorry for yourself, and then you'll soon be dead... Go love without the help of anything on earth; and that's real horse meal." "Please don't uilt." "Not so seriously as you're well. How don't you enjoy life, mother. I show if my shirt wasni a bit on the tight if my shirt wasni a bit on the tight pray," "Same thing, mother." you so pray," "Same thing, mother." Business Machine—this bit of precisely bent wire is found in all offices and most homes. Reach for a paper clip and you touch Scovill: our Oakville Division makes them by the billions. On work shirts, high-fashion girdles, and baby clothes, Scovill GRIPPER snap fasteners and zippers are there. Take a shower: Waterville makes plumbing fittings. Grab a soda-fountain lunch: a Hamilton Beach mixer makes the malted. Start the laundry or stop for gas: General Manufacturing makes hose connections for washing machines and fuel pumps. Schrader makes the valves for your tires and the chuck that checks your air. And Scovill brass and aluminum mill products end up in thousands of other items—including computers and other business machines.

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TIME, NOVEMBER 24, 1939

95

BOOKS

Honi Soit Qui Malibu

BELOVED INFIDEL (338 pp.)—Sheilah Graham and Gerold Frank—Holt (\$3.95).

The dictum that "there are no second acts in American lives" was true at least of the man who wrote it, F. Scott Fitzgerald. The dazzled darling of the champagne revels of the '20s woke to the hungover desolation of the '30s. He found his talent depleted, his nerves unstrung, his wife Zelda mad, and he faced a literary fate that to a writer can be worse than death-public and critical neglect. In 1937 Fitzgerald packed himself, like "a cracked plate," off to Hollywood, not to recoup his life but to repay his \$40,000 debts. There, across two dinner tables in a crowded restaurant he saw handsome Hollywood Columnist Sheilah Graham and said. "I like vou." There was to be another act for Fitzgerald, after all.

It is the story of this love affair together with the tale of her rise from a London slum background that Sheilah Graham tells in Beloved Infidel, or rather, does not tell. For reasons best known to the inscrutable West Coast, Gossipist Graham has chosen to spill the news of her life to Fellow Journalist (Coronet) Gerold Frank, whose ghost-written accounts of lost and love-shorn ladies (Lillian Roth's I'll Cry Tomorrow. Diana Barrymore's Too Much, Too Soon) have made him a leading sob brother. He achieves a confidential tone that rarely confides, a vulgarity that is everywhere in the air but never down-to-earth, and a range of emotional responses as they might be felt by paper dolls.

Less U, More H. Co-Author Frank's tear-shot camera eye pans in on Sheliah Graham when she was still Lily Sheli, a grimy Cockney moppet of six being carted away to the East London Home for Orphans. The eight orphanage years were Dickensian. Eventually Lily found a job as a skivy thousemaid but soon chucked it. She had a chance to demonstrate a of your teeth' and her pearly performance caught the eye of U-born Major John Graham Gillam, D.S.O. It was a case of an 18-year-old Eliza Doolittle marrying a 4-year-old Henry Higgins.

Graham was a shade too fatherly, Sheilah implies to be fully satisfactory as a mate, but he did replace the U-brush with some H's and cured her of saying 'Oo-er'. Wot an air! After that it was owned and upward—showed with girl with palace guardsmen and arisocrats. Trouble was that along with a pseudonym, the ex-Lily had concoted a sort of pseudo-family tree and she never knew when someone was going to cry, when someone was going to cry, when someone was going to cry, when the less those for a self-cruster girl.

was the best place for a self-remade girl.

Cuticle Push. For two years she was a
nimble-witted reporter about Manhattan,
and then came Hollywood. As for the

romance with Fitzgerald, there was more tutelage than tool left in the aling writer, and he liked to put together lists of required reading, e.g., Byron, Rabelsis, the pre-Socratics. Said she: "You're push-may be aligned to the pre-Socratics and the pre-Socratics with the pre-Socratic with the pre-Socra



SHEILAH GRAHAM & SCOTT FITZGERALD Crude, curious and unconfiding.

plane raging at the stewardess and his fellow passengers ("Do you know me? . . . I'm F. Scott Fitzgerald, You've read my books. You've read The Great Gatsby haven't you? Remember?"); Fitzgerald insisting on being spoon-fed by Esquire Editor Arnold Gingrich and spewing up coffee and trying to bite Gingrich's hand during the feeding; Fitzgerald goading a friend into punching him, and upon being lightly tapped mumbling bitterly to himself, "That big, hulking brute-and me dying of tuberculosis"; Fitzgerald entangled in his pajamas waking in terror at the thought that his arms are paralyzed. Sheilah could not save him from himself and she sometimes sank to a no more pretty fishwifery of her own: "I didn't pull myself out of the gutter to waste my life on a drunk like you!"

The drunk pulled himself out of the gutter in the last year of his life, and using the pencil stumps with which he preferred to write, feverishly covered sheets of yellow-paper with what later be-

came The Last Tycoon. In that unfinished novel, Scott Fitzgerald put his own glowing version of his final romance—a version immensely more moving but also more idealized than Sheilah Graham's crude and curious respects to the author.

The Bitch of Ballyknock

THE PROSPECTS ARE PLEASING (217 pp.)—Honor Tracy—Random House (\$3.50).

MIND YOU, I'VE SAID NOTHING! [176 pp.)—Honor Tracy—British Book Centre (\$3.50).

Ireland, in the view of Mayo-born Novelist George Moore, was "a fatal disease" from which "it is the plain duty of every Irishman to dissociate himthan the state of the state of the state of the Honor Tracy, herself part Irish, Ireland is less a disease than a delusion. Its inhabitants live as sung and moist as a colony of clarms in "a little bubble of Itherij own imagining," feeding their in the flagon."

In an earlier acid-witty examination of the species, The Straight and Narrow Path (Thur, July 36, 1956), Novelist Tracy rapped the cassocked shanks of Ireland's parish priests. In her two current books, she has broadened her field of ire to include Ireland's impoverished gentry and the grey-mottled middle class, immersed in its misty yearnings for the

days of Old Sinn Fein.

Tommy O'Driscoll, the fictional hero of The Prospects Are Pleasing, is a rachitic young Dublin clerk who dreams of being "the Anointed, the Victim, and, at the same time, the Hero" in the "march for a free Ireland." Dispatched to London on a secret mission to recover a canvas of the late Spanish painter, Afrodisio Lafuente y Chaos, that the Dublin press has loudly and incorrectly trumpeted as Ireland's own, Tommy promptly funks it and is rescued by a Wodehousian young Englishman named Felix Horniman, Chiefly because Tommy reminds him of a dyspeptic monkey he once befriended in India, Felix casually pinches the picture for him, and the two of them make off for Dublin. The rest of Novelist Tracy's book is a Waughtered-down Irish stew.

It includes as engaging a collection of eccentrics as have walked the pages of recent fiction: wealthy old Dowager Horniman, who cuts her gowns from old muslin curtains and passes her time collecting pet jellyfish "cast up on the beach by the insensate cruelty of the Spanish tide"; Seumas Cullen, the Dublin painter who established his reputation on one painting, which he exhibits year after year; a poison-pen writer named Peadar, who vents his spleen on a local landlady by addressing a note to "The Biggest Old Bitch in Ballyknock," In a classic display of Gaelic futility, an Irish museum hangs the Chaos canvas upside down ("We're a young country," pleads the director), and Tommy deserts the revolutionary game for a job in a travel agency en gaged in selling Ireland's hobnailed charms to rich and innocent Americans. A skillful nonfiction supplement to

OUT

Modigliani's exciting art

Amedeo Modigliani, an Italian artist who died 38 years ago, is currently enjoying a new surge of popular appeal. LIFE reproduces in glowing color some of his best-known works and reviews the short, unhappy life of this twentieth century genius.



TODAY

Lies, lies, lies

In 25 years lie-detection specialist John Edward Reid has yet to find a completely honest man, including himself. LIFE writer Herb Brean this week explores Reid's theory that we all lie and steal a little, and only fear keeps us from doing it more.



in the

Other cheek

An exclusive picture report in this week's LIFE reveals how the widow and sister of two of the five American missionaries martyred by the Auca Indians of Ecuador three years ago have daringly contacted and settled down with these same savages.



NEW

Boom in the woods

U.S. sportsmen are shouldering shotguns and rifles in unprecedented numbers this year as the popularity of hunting increases. In LIFE's eight-page essay this week you go into the woods for a close-up picture report on just what the shooting's all about.



issue of

LIFE



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NOVELIST TRACY Waughtered-down Irish stew

Prospects, Author Tracy's Mind You, I've Said Nothing! is a kind of Fielding's Guide to the national mentality that can spawn a Tommy O'Driscoll. The salient points to remember about Ireland, according to Author Tracy, are 1) that its public attitudes never have any bearing on its private ones: "It is the land of Double Think and Double Speak" where "words are used as . . . a device for con-cealment": 2) that the main concern of every Irishman is saving face, and 3) that no Irishman is truly happy except when he is "streeling" from bar to bar, going to a funeral or engaging in a national Fuss.

Author Tracy has kicked up her own share of Fusses since she made Ireland her literary beat. She is doubtless viewed with mistrust by the large school of Irish writers who, in her phrase, "feel that it is a splendid thing to be a writer and that little or nothing is added to it by writing." She has been "affectionately described as a bitch" by at least one correspondent who had suffered an ill-defined grievance in one of her articles. Judging from past form, she fully expects her latest books to catch it from all corners of the "boggy little land." But among less partisan readers, they are sure to rank as two of the grandest japes of the season.

Adams & Eve

HENRY ADAMS: THE MIDDLE YEARS (514 pp.)—Ernest Samuels—Belknap-Harvard (\$7.50).

The Education of Henry Adams is not the best place to learn about the education of Henry Adams. The "ironic hindsights" and "note of self-mockery" that dominate that famed autobiography were, in effect, argues Author Ernest Samuels, the verbal spitballs of old age that Adams was throwing at his teacher, life. In his projected three-volume study of the querulous Boston Brahmin of which Henry



What sort of man is this . . . who makes adventure his livelihood? He's a professional who depends on his sailing skill for his very existence. He's a man of good judgment—who knows exactly what he wants from life and how to get it. at You'll often find Haig & Haig Five Star in the picture with men who can't be vague. They naturally name Scotland's Fire Star Scotch, with the character they know through experience . . . the original Scotch flavor and gentleness that in 1627 set the standard for all to follow. Blended Scotts Whisky, 36.8 Froof. © Renfield Importers, Ltd., N. Y.

*Don't be Vague ... say: HAIG & HAIG





WALT WHITMAN on Universality Whoever degrades another degrades me,
And whatever is done or said returns at last to me. (Leoves of Gross, 1855)

Adams: The Middle Foor is Volume II.

Blographer Samuels, professor of English
at Northwestern, is sifting out, with notaby nonacademic readability, what Adams
actually left and achieved despite his selfproclaimed "failure." During the 139-period (1873-90) covered by this book,
and the proclaimed selfand the proclaimed selfand the proclaimed selfand the proclaimed selfand the proclaimed selfmine of the called failure only in the special sense that an Adams was born to expect miracles from any Adams.

The miracle of the middle years that even Adams did not expect, according to Samuels, was his remarkably happy maringe at 34 to 35-year-old Marini ("Clo-ve") Hooper, a witty, independent midded fellow Brahmin, Characteristically, Adams says not a word of wife or marine in the Education, possibly because in the Education, possibly because and suicide after her father's death, hug until the Henry Adams basked in the reflected flow of the brightest and most exclusive salon keeper of the Washington

of the late '70s and the '80s.

Rats in the White House, "I gravitate to a capital by a primary law of nature, Adams had said, and in 1877 he and Marian settled close by the White House. (President John Adams was Henry's great-grandfather, John Quincy Adams chandelier, Marian gathered the famous but never the infamous. Hearing that Sarah Bernhardt, whose private life scandalized the Adamses, was about to embark on a U.S. tour. Marian fired off fair warning to her father in Massachusetts: "See to it that Boston snubs her off the stage." Marian's letters to papa were a Sunday ritual, and in them she re-created the Washington merry-go-round of her day with Pepysian verve and caustic charm. She could be gossipy ("The Hayes suffer much from rats in the White House who run over their bed and nibble the President's toes"), or just plain lethal "Not until I had seen and heard Judge Drake of the Court of Claims did I know what an ass was & is-he must be self made-it would be blasphemy to attribute him to any other creator")

To Adams, grubbing in the archives of the State Department to research his historical work. Marian and her salon had the tonic appeal of the latter-day businessman's double martini before dinner. After Marian's suicide, grief-stricken Adams drastically curtailed his social activities, often spoke of his own death as coinciding with Marian's, Author Samuels believes that Adams over-sentimentalized his tragedy, but points out that extravagant mourning was a 10th century fashion-Oueen Victoria had the dead Albert's evening clothes laid out daily before dinner; the poet Rossetti buried all his unpublished manuscripts with his wife's body.

Life's Inside Story. In response to earlier criticism, Adams in his massive History denied himself those highly colored, stylistic tropes that Oliver Wendell Holmes Sr. once called the "Macaulay



RUSSIAN WARSHIPS CRIPPLED BY THE JAPANESE (1905)
At the end of a mission that should not have begun.

flowers of literature," But if the book never enticed the readership he thought it deserved, it may have been because its nine volumes did not show that he had followed his own editorial creed ("Omit! Every syllable that can be struck out is pure profit . . ."). In Author Samuels' view, Adams' philosophy of history parallels Tolstoy's in War and Peace, i.e., history is "a vast irony, a web of paradoxes," and the hero is merely froth on the crest of all great tidal waves of change. What animated the wave. Adams was at a loss to say, but around it he concocted a mystique of "lines of force, Henry Adams had the arrogance of his ignorance. To William James he railed at the failure of man to acquire "a single vital fact worth knowing." He was obsessed with the American fallacy that life was some kind of inside story that an enterprising philosopher-reporter could crack wide open: "We may some day catch an abstract truth by the tail, and then we shall have our religion and immortality.' In the middle years, Henry Adams salted the tail of no abstract truth and had not secured the literary immortality of Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres and the Education, but he was subtly acquiring a measure of Socratic greatness. For the answers that man gives to the dilemmas of his time are often interred with his bones, but the questions he asks about life's eternal mystery live after him.

Long Voyage to Death

THE FLEET THAT HAD TO DIE (212 pp.)

—Richard Hough—Viking (\$3.95).

After only four months, the Russo-Japanese war was turning into a Russian disaster. Banzai-shouting Japanese troops were pushing the Russians back in Manchuria; Port Arthur was cut off; and the proud Russian ships in the harbor were immobilized by the prowling warships of Japan's Admiral Togo, At that point in June 1904. Czar Nicholas II decided on a last, desperate gamble to relieve the Russian forces; he ordered Vice Admiral Zinovi Petrovitch Rozhestvensky to sail four brand-new Suvoroff battleships at the head of a task force of some 40 ships from their Baltic home ports to the Sea of Japan, by way of the Cape of Good Hope. In this book London Editor Richard Hough tells how a fleet that should never

have gone to sea made its way 18,000 miles to its rendezvous with death,

How to Die. Drawing on captured Russian letters and diaries, naval attachés' dispatches and newspaper accounts, Author Hough manages to move ubiquitously around the fleet and delivers a harrowing, heroic account of the battleships' most trying hours. "You wish us victory, but here will be no victory," multiple dispatches of the there will be no victory, and the properties of the there will be no victory, and the properties of the properties of the will be not victory, and the properties of the properties of the dar III. "But we will have to the day and we shall never surrender" and we shall never surrender."

Watching the barely seavorthy fleet, so top-heavy that the lower guns rolled awash in a moderate sea, manned by semi-unitions sallors and officered by incon-petents, a staff officer ground in despair. This is simply nothing but a fraud—an infamous fraud. It would have been justified the staff of the sta

No Excuse. In the end. Rozhestvensky produced a feat of logistics perhaps unequaled until World War II: an unbroken journey of 4,500 miles from Madagascar to the coast of Cochin China, despite 39 stops to repair tow lines, more than 70 engine breakdowns. And it was with oxlike fortitude that he brought his two wallowing columns into battle off Tsushima (literally Donkey's Ears Island). Maneuvering for position. Togo took his column through a perilous column turn and closed with nearly 500 guns blazing. The Russian ships, which had damaged three major enemy ships, failed to score a single hit after the first bloody half-hour. Only one Russian auxiliary cruiser-a converted yacht-and two small 350-ton destroyers made their way through to Vladivostok.

Japan could claim the most decisive mada victory since Trafalgar, ruled as a major scapower until her sun set in the faming airsea action of Leyte Gulf apvars later. Admiral Roubettwenky, saved when his officers carried him wounded and semiconscious from a disabled turrer before the Survoy's sank, had no excuses and offered none. On his way back to St. population, and the sun of the

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TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

From Hollywood

Home Before Dark. Jean Simmons suffers nobly as a wife returning from a dark night of the mind, and Dan O'Herlihy is excellent as the husband who does not understand the situation.

The Last Hurrah. No resemblance to persons living or dead is intended, but patrons will be permitted to recall Bos-ton's ex-Mayor Jim Curley who died last week at 83. With Spencer Tracy, being as lovable as any crooked politician in the history of the game.

Damn Yankees. A hot time in the old town tonight, as a couple of devil's advo-cates, Ray Walston and Dancer Gwen Verdon, get involved with the Washington Senators.

Me and the Colonel. It sounds unlikely, but the story of a meek, ingenious Polish refugee (Danny Kaye) and a blustering anti-Semitic Polish officer (Curt Jürgens) is the funniest thing out of Hollywood this year.

The Defiant Ones. Tony Curtis and Sidney Poitier, as escaped convicts bound by a length of chain, in Stanley Kramer's biting argument for brotherhood.

From Abroad

The Seventh Seal (Swedish). The photography is lovely, the form obscure (a medieval morality play), and only those who react to the highly exotic will find the film unreservedly tasty.

Pather Panchali (Indian). A downand-out Indian family, as seen through the exquisitely accurate eyes of Director Savajit Ray.

TELEVISION

Wed., Nov. 19

Wed., Nov. 19
Pursuit (DS, 8-9 p.m.).* Daphne du Maurier's Kiss Me Aguin, Stranger, in which an Air Force lieutenant hunts the murderer of his slain buddy, may warm viewers simply by the heat of its cast, Among the living bodies: Jeff Hunter, Myron McCormick, Margaret O'Brien, Mary Behl Hughes and Mort Sah. U.S. Steel Hour (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). The

Irish Rebellion once again, in an insurrection that has been refought more often than the Punic Wars; with Barry Sullivan, Geraldine Brooks.

Thurs., Nov. 20

Hallmark Hall of Fame (NBC, 9-10:30 p.m.). Kiss Me Kate, Cole Porter's triumpol, the Shrew; with Alfred Drake and Patricia Morison from the original Broadway cast, plus Julie Wilson, Bil Hayes and Harvey Lembeck to add a few grace notes. Color.

Playhouse 90 (CBS, 9:30-11 p.m.). Geraldine Page and Sterling Hayden in a dramatic version of Faulkner's Old Man adapted for TV by another pretty fair country writer, Horton (The Trip to Bountiful) Foote.

Fri., Nov. 21

The Bob Hope Show (NBC, 8-9 p.m.). Bob, the old eclectic, pulls together the * All times E.S.T.

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odd threesome of Betty Grable, Wally Cox and Gloria Swanson, and if anyone has the savvy to make it look harmonious, it's Hope.

Sun., Nov. 23

Johns Hopkins File 7 (ABC, 11:30-12 noon). A beep about radar, by a couple of university research men, that sounds out everything from foggy airplane landings to stellar explosions to speeding tickets.

The Twentieth Century (CBS, 6:30-7 p.m.). "Perón and Evita" get a well-deserved once-over in a film-clip history; musical score by Darius Milhaud.

Omnibus (NBC, 5-6 p.m.). The So-Called Human Race, a wall-eyed, satirical look at psychiatry by George Panetta, whose credentials include an off-Broadway comedy called Comic Strip that nail-tough Critic Walter Kerr dismissed as "perfect."

comedy caned come strip that mai-tolgin Critic Walter Kerr dismissed as "perfect." Stars of Jazz (ABC, 9:30-10 p.m.). Lizzie Miles at 63 can still belt them into submission with a few strokes, and Joe Yukl's sextet is in attendance to perform a gentler kind of operation on Royal Gar-

den Blues and Basin Street Blues.

Tues., Nov. 25

Shirley Temple Storybook (NBC 8-9

Shirley Temple Storybook (NBC, 8-9 p.m.). Eli Wallach in Hans Christian Andersen's The Emperor's New Clothes.

THEATER

On Broadway

The Pleasure of His Company. A suave drawing-room comedy about a middleaged playboy who teaches his daughter how to sow some wild oats before settling down to the oatmeal of marriage. Cyril Ritchard, Cornelia Otis Skinner. A Touch of the Poet. One of Eugene

O'Neill's favorite themes—man's addiction to illusion—reappears in a sprawling but powerful tale of a boozing innkeeper and his crumbling pose as a fine gentleman. With Eric Portman, Helen Hayes.

but powerful tale or a ooozing innscepter and his crumbling pose as a fine gentleman. With Eric Portman, Helen Hayes. The Music Man. With Robert Prestore, it are to the prestore of the control of the carrier in the Colon With I was a contact of the colon with the colon of the My Fair Lady. Bernard Shaw, once a bone-crushing music critic, might just possibly have approved this musicomedy

masterpiece fashioned from his Pygmallon.
The Visit. A rich witto offers to buy
the life of a man who once wronged her
—for a mere billion dollars. This surrealist, symbol-clogged but fascinating
fable may be Alfred Lunt's and Lynn
Fontanne's last visit to Broadway.
Two for the Seesaw. The story that

Two for the Seesaw. The story that might lurk behind a couple of want ads (Apartments, Furnished), showing the emotional wants, woes and laughs of a couple of cliff dwellers in Manhattan.

On Tour

My Fair Lady, in Chicago, and Music Man, in San Francisco, reflect almost all the glories of the Broadway originals

Look Back in Anger. A choleric young man at war with the world makes for uneven but fairly arresting theater. In RICHMOND and WILMINGTON.
Ballets: U.S.A. The American scene as expressed in dance form by Chorcographer Jerome Robbins. In PITTSBURGH.

expressed in dance form by Choreographer Jerome Robbins. In PITTSBURGH. Hamlet, Twelfth Night & Henry V. New vigor from the Old Vic. In Madison and DETROIT.

Auntie Mame. The Mame's the same that is, wonderfully wacky and inter-

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on his way UP

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mittently funny-whether played by Constance Bennett in CHICAGO, Eve Arden in SAN FRANCISCO or Sylvia Sidney in LIN-COLN, TOPEKA, SIOUX CITY and OMAHA.

BOOKS

Best Reading

Brave New World Revisited, by Aldous Huxley. One of the 20th century's brightest gloomologers decides that already caught up with his 1932 horror fiction, what with subliminal commercials, wholesale tranquilization, and the threat of much too well-bred man crowd-

ing himself off his own planet My Years With Churchill, by Norman McGowan. The author's finest hour was to serve as Sir Winston's valet, and he re-

calls it with engaging anecdotal charm. Levte, by Samuel Eliot Morison. One of history's decisive naval engagements

masterfully re-created. Breakfast at Tiffany's, by Truman Ca-pote. Holly Golightly, a kind of cornpone geisha, weaves her willful way among Manhattan's towers in a ribald and

strangely touching story. Mistress to an Age, by J. Christopher Herold. A topnotch biography of Mme. de Staël, who was equally at home in the drawing rooms, council rooms and bed-rooms of Revolutionary France.

Memoirs of Field-Marshal Montgomery. Prickly Monty needles friend and foe in

this highly personal autobiography Child of Our Time, by Michel del Castillo. The tortured cry of one innocent rope's concentration camps.

Doctor Zhivago, by Boris Pasternak. The novel that clinched the Nobel Prize for Russia's greatest living man of letters, since forced by the Soviet's brain-distrusters to reject the award.

Lolita, by Vladimir Nabokov. Brilliant, hilarious and horrifying, the book is a shocker, but also a memorable work of

Best Sellers

FICTION

- 1. Doctor Zhivago, Pasternak (1)
- Nabokov Around the World with Auntie Mame,
- Women and Thomas Harrow,
- Marquand (4) The Best of Everything, Jaffe (5)
- Anatomy of Murder, Traver (6)
- Exodus, Uris The Mountain Is Young,
- Han Suyin (9) The Ugly American Lederer and Burdick (7) 10. Breakfast at Tiffany's, Capote (10)

NONFICTION

- 1. Only in America, Golden (1) 2. Aku-Aku, Heyerdahl (2) The Memoirs of Field-Marshal
- Montgomery Inside Russia Today, Gunther (6)
- On My Own, Roosevelt (4) The Affluent Society, Galbraith (7)
- Baa Baa Black Sheep, Boyington (8) The Insolent Chariots, Keats (10) The New Testament in Modern
- English, translated by Phillips (3) 10. The Great Chicago Fire, Cromie

(Numbers in parentheses indicate last week's position.)



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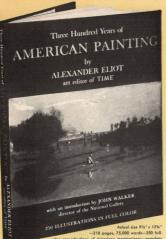
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